

CAVALCADE

NOV 14



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the mob said **"KILL."**

MEN DO MARRY THEIR MISTRESSES



STAMINA
CLOTHES
Tailored from
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Cavalcade

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do marry their mistresses

MURRAY ROSS



The Year Book points to the fact as well as to others that shatter the old beliefs.

WHERE the mother is under 20, three out of every four first children in Australia are born under a cloud—that is, they are either illegitimate, or come less than the orthodox nine months after marriage.

It sounds like a terrible indictment of Australian morals. It would be an excellent test for a woman grandma might deliver on the depravity of modern youth, except that in her day things were much worse. The proportion 40 years ago was five in six.

The proportion falls as the age of the mother rises, but is high enough overall to cause the interest who take their morals from the book.

In 1911, nearly half of the mothers of all ages fell under suspicion—the exact proportion was 45 per cent. By 1929 it had fallen to 44 per cent and by 1933 to 25 per cent, or just one in three.

Then comes one of those anomalies which make statistics such tricky things to handle. The solvent of war,

which is supposed to sweep away conventional moral barriers, actually improved the situation, and in 1941 the figure had fallen to 24 per cent. But there was a cause.

War marriages may be hasty, but at least they do eliminate that long period of courtship when, from Mrs. Grundy's point of view, all the damage is done. There are no complete figures beyond 1941.

The statistics are from that sober but versatile publication, the Commonwealth Year Book. It may surprise many people that the Government Statisticians should be interested in such an odd angle of human behaviour, but it is his business to supply the data on any problem which is of importance to the community.

And no one can say that his instinct deceived him, for now, more than fifty years after his research started, the old sex problem is more headline news than ever.

In the Victorian era, it was considered proper to take conventional morals for granted. In retrospect this method of moral sure is seen as it really was—an ineffective drawing of the figurative wash over the greasy eyes of yesterday. Now a bit of perspective of the world's population refuses to do what they are told, just because they are told. Serious and respectable people have come to admit that the sex problem will have to be studied if it is to be solved.

And, usually to their amazement, when they come to study it, they find that there is practically no data on which to start.

Is the average man—or the average woman—chaste? Or is the whole fabric of conventional polite camouflage maintained throughout the ages?

Most adults have physical sex fulfilment, or can they live normal lives without it if society so dictates? And if they must—how much is necessary and how much is waste?

The scientific answer to all these

questions is that no one knows. They are so important, so deeply involved with our social, religious and political beliefs, that no one has been able to study them objectively.

That being 1949, however, there are plenty of people willing to make the effort. First in the field is Mr. Kinsey, of the U.S.A. He studied some hundreds of unsexed inquirers onto some thousands of American men, and then published "Sex Habits of the American Male."

He claims that it is not a start, but a serious scientific study of the subject. If so, then serious study pays off, for if you want the book in Sydney you have to put your name on a waiting list at 40/- a copy.

New Mac West has followed it up with her report on the American Male. She did her own investigating at first hand, and she claims that her research was more practical and more accurate. She hopes her book will sell as well as Mr. Kinsey's.

More people than Mac West have challenged the accuracy of Mr. Kinsey's conclusions, even some who do not question his sincerity. They say that no one, man or woman, ever tells the truth about their sex life.

In the words of one hardened cynic—"Never believe a woman if she says she didn't, or a man if he says he did."

That is the advantage of the Government Statisticians. He took no one's word, he merely tabulated proved figures. He drew no conclusions, but there are many unpleasant ones for those who wish to draw them, and they are not altogether pleasant.

Take that figure for 1923—45.36 per cent of all first births were either illegitimate, or what the Year Book politely calls "late-arrived conceptions." Now, admittedly, some of these latter would be legitimate births, in which illicit relations between the parents had not taken place.

There is no known way of arriving at the number of these, but there is

general medical agreement that it would be small. And against it that we sense very big set-backs which tell the other way.

As the average number of children per married couple is substantially less than three for a period covering the whole of their married lives, it is shown that only a small proportion of the marriages which take place result in childbearing.

Partly this is due to natural causes, and partly to the use of contraceptives. But it is safe to assume that unmarried couples take at least as many precautions in married ones, and there cannot be an enormous number of cases in which couples anticipate the consequences without paying the penalty.

It would not be hard to convince men's self that there are just as numerous as the couples who are "couple" (to put it in the vernacular), and that there were precisely no virtuous couples at all in 1911. This is too pessimistic a view, but those who obeyed the commandments were undoubtedly in a minority.

There would be other factors which would tend to swell the number of the transgressors—a certain proportion of abortions, for instance, probably enough to at least offset the preventive factor.

The one really hopeful feature in the statistics is the very substantial improvement in the lowest with the passing of the years. By 1911 the proportion of ante-natal and illegitimate had shrunk to 41. In 1921, the last pre-war year, it was down to 35. Unfortunately, social workers have been able to draw little consolation from the change. It has merely posed for them another troubling problem.

How much of it, if any, is due to improved morals, and how much to improved technique in birth control?

It seems against all experience to believe that the present sex-drenched generation, reared on Hollywood

and Henry Bellamy, is more moral than that of 1911. That it is more knowledgeable about contraception, however, is undeniable.

The statistician has some figures here, too, since he has broken down the totals of first births to show what percentages took place in each month after marriage in 1911 and in 1921.

There shows a decrease for 1911 in each month up to the fourth. But there is a big decrease also for some time after that, right up to the end of the first year. Then the balance remains the other way. Twice as many couples are born their first baby in the second year of marriage as did in 1911. Those who delay their entry into the family business until their fourth married year have more than doubled, and as on for each year up to about the ninth.

The indications are plain. The era of planned parenthood, or at least of postponed parenthood, has arrived and that implies contraception. And if that is so much on the increase, married couples, it seems folly to assume that it is not equally so among unmarried ones.

One old belief which the New York Book's research has badly shattered is one which was a principal weapon in the defence of the standard code of morals.

In the days when mothers had ventures to give their daughters advice on sex matters, their most powerful argument for virtue was the saying that "A man does not marry his mistress." They believed it, they told it with conviction, and their daughters believed it too.

This alliance of chastity with self-interest was a very effective one. Many a fair maiden, when all her other defences had failed her, was sustained in her struggle against the devil by the thought of a coveted wedding ring.

But it seems that she was deceived. If the Statistician's figures mean any-

thing, most men marry their mistresses. Strongly enough, they are only seen to do it once. There are no figures on the subject, but Court clerks may say that a surprisingly large proportion of men divorced for adultery fail to do the right thing by their partner in the after.

The proportion of actually illegitimate births is small, and is also declining rapidly. In 1921, six in every hundred births was on the wrong side of the register; in 1910 less than four.

When the illegitimacy and ante-natal conception are broken down into age groups, however, they reveal some unexpected salient in human nature.

For instance, easily the worst age-group for births among single women are those over 45. In 1921, there were 41 women throughout Australia over this age who had their first child. More than half of these women were single—22 to be exact. Three had been

married less than nine months, while 26 had been married more than that period.

The total number of births in 1921 in age groups as this is noticeably small. But even before this age women show contradictory tendencies.

The largest proportion of ante-natal births of illegitimacy is naturally in the younger group, under 20. From then on to the 30-45 years section, the rate continues to fall.

But for women between 25 and 35, it rises appreciably, and for those from 40 to 45, even more sharply. This phenomenon is much more marked now than it was in earlier years.

It is easy to conclude that this is due to carelessness, and as doubt many women of this age seem to take precautions under the mistaken impression that they are sterile. In fact, one authority has brutally remarked that unwanted births occur mainly among girls too young to know, or women too old to bother.





JITTERS

with the athlete

BILL DELANY

The most successful athletes are "wound-up" before their events. Nerves may bring a man right up on his toes or reduce him to a state of terror.

THE heavily-built had saw his ball patch onto the green, ran a few feet and stop ten feet from the pin. He was on in two to his opponent's three-bit—a fair breeze of wind would have blown the other player's ball into the cup. Now what? The kid could play safe and carry the match to the 17th, or he could putt strongly for a win.

But what, asked the gallery as they watched the kid squat down to study the green, if he overshoot the hole by feet? And what if he missed the second putt? The dewan was up to the kid, and he left no one in doubt that he was going in for the kill.

His putt was firmly stroked—too firmly, thought the gallery, and held its breath as the ball sped towards the tin. It was almost enough, but—

Suddenly, the ball was no longer on the green. And Jim Ferraro, first up attempt for the event, had beaten Eric Apperly for the NEW Amateur Championship. At 36, he had proved that he had that intangible quality people call "big match temperament."

Golf probably more than any other sport demands iron nerves. Played in an atmosphere of cold objectivity, it has none of the blood-warming severity of the foot-stomping forces of athletics. Its outcomes are far less

spontaneous than those associated with football, boxing, and tennis. It affords the good player no margin for error, and when a man stops to play a shot he knows that his destiny depends on that particular shot as much as any of the other events he may play.

Is that golf nerves are a very real thing?

Few golfers have the happy outlook towards the game possessed by Walter Hagen, whose touring syllabus includes a strictly adhered to round of the night club's Once, as the man was over the course over which he would later play Leo Diegel for the PGA Championship, an early rain observed Hagen racking his way towards his bedroom. Shooked at Hagen's despair for losing the early rain and—

"Well, don't you know that Diegel has been in bed since nine o'clock last night?"

Hagen nodded grimly, for he was in a grim mood.

"I know," he said, "but I'll bet he hasn't been sleeping."

Mean that afternoon was the Championship five up and three to play.

There long existed an unworthy suspicion among pro golfers that Hagen's attitude towards golf was designed to unsettle his opponents. On the course, he was likely to influence the other's game by utter an innocuous remark, a word was called for, so that his opponent, not to be outdone, also used an iron. But when Hagen's that fell where he wanted it, the other's headed in bad country. He played slowly when up against a first player, and fast when opposed to a golf course tortoise. And so the experienced Bobby Jones said:

"I like to play against a consistent golfer. But apart from the fellow who times his drive, hits his second into the rough and wins the hole with a bunker. That's Hagen."

Jones himself, despite his aquatic appearance while playing, suffered no badly from nerves that he was unable to eat anything but a cup of soup between rounds. He could keep sweating the down. Byron Nelson, similarly, showed steady composure as a means of preventing nerves.

Both men overcome their disabilities and were the best golfers of their period.

A golf writer who knows, and has a great respect for, Norman von Nida, told me the theory that Australia's best golfer got to the top because of his intense concentration. Otherwise, wouldn't this winner, why would von Nida be so nervous of what is happening in the gallery?

Not so long ago, the crowd that followed the Von included a lady whose knowledge of the game was negligible but who, in her eagerness to appear that knowledge, requested information from her nearest neighbors which in the golfer were vital. The little champion suffered her to cheer for a few holes and finally, as her voice broke the hush on the green as he was putting, lowered his club and said:

"Madam, this ought to be due to you, but it's my friend."

Then he took the putt. But another golfer, who was a powerful friend, would either not have heard the chattering, or having broken his concentration, missed the putt.

In tennis, Jack Crawford was a player without nervousness, and apparently, without nerves. He never appeared to be rattled, and his remarkable positional play and striking game made him seem almost casual in his approach to the game. And when he took his place on the centre court to play Venus at Wimbledon in 1933, Crawford admits, he was nervous down to his heels.

He lost the first set 4-6.
"With the new balls, the match developed into a terrific struggle."

IS IT EVER TOO LATE?

Give me just another chance,
My dear, it's all I ask—
Our sweet and tender young
romance

Is a life-long, loving talk,
We've talked about how it
ought to be:
And NO could have been
my reply.

But I beg of you now for
another chance
To go along with a hand-
somer guy!

Jack once told me, "On my own service, I was trailing Iron-dory, I felt then that if I lost the service, I would lose the match. And I knew with equal certainty that if I took my service, I would win the match."

"I pulled up to take the service, and as we changed ends, I almost said to Viner, 'The loss of that game will cost you a match.' It wasn't just a thought—it was certainty. I knew, then, that I was going to be the next Wimbledon singles champion. My nerves had left me."

The result of that match is in the record, books: Crawford defeated Viner 6-4, 11-3, 6-2, 7-6, 6-4.

Perhaps the big difference between "self nerves" and "bionic nerves" is that self is a pose of comparative inaction. Between shots, the golfer has often to wait while his opponent makes maybe two shots; the tennis player, however, has little time to think—or worry—as he plays. His strokes are made a kind of trained unconsciousness. He moves quickly, and his mind sticks to the movement so that he has a greater chance to retain concentration.

The boxer is in rather the same situation. Most boxers, naturally, are nervous during the wait at the dressing room, but survive to throw all nervousness with activity. Nevertheless, old timers still recall the strange behavior of one Alex Corbiac, whose first act was to find himself opposed to Lou Darcy.

Unfortunately for the boxer's peace of mind, he allowed himself to lend his least uncluttered ear to anxiety who enticed to a huge measure on Darcy's undoubted ring talent. This circumstance is no way contributed to Corbiac's loss of morale—for the simple reason that that essential characteristic was absent in Corbiac's make-up.

The Heavy, veteran fighter, recalls the "fight" in these words:

"Darcy was in his corner minutes before the Romanians, and not smiling and unperurbed during the wait. Eventually, Corbiac walked—no maybe was pushed—into the ring. He got up his corner pole of face and eloquently expecting the worst."

"At the bell, Corbiac moved slowly, and suddenly put both his arms around Darcy. Darcy pulled away, shaped to throw a punch, and began to smile. The Romanians then hurried Darcy who allowed him to do it until he had tried. Then he'd push Corbiac away and tap him lightly."

"The Australian was enjoying himself and seemed a bit disappointed when in the fourth round, the fight was stopped."

Darcy would undoubtedly have beaten the Romanians, anyway, but Corbiac's nerves made the job easier.

The relaxed athlete, according to experts, is a better athlete, for loose muscles make for faster muscular action, increases, the system forms greater amounts of Carotene Acid when the muscles are loose, creating an oxidation of food that causes fatigue and loss of wind.

It is not so long since Clarence Hayes

made newspaper headlines as an Olympic Games hope. These experts who saw him in preliminary runs, however, did not echo the general enthusiasm about his prospects. They pointed out that he ran with his shoulders hunched, neck muscles tensed, and his hands and fingers stiff. John Trehear, by comparison, ran in a completely relaxed style. Hayes, in other words, was "taking too much out of himself." And the experts were right: Hayes did not make the grade.

Relaxation, in its application to athletics, is a technical term, for it is true that the most successful athletes are "wound up" before their events, whether or not they actually show emotion.

"The right kind of 'wound-up' is the sort of sheer concentration that brings a man right up on to his toes, ready and eager for the contest, the wrong type is anxiety, which may amount to positive fear. Nervousness is really bad, simply because it dissipates

energy and is therefore wasteful. Among Australian athletes, none is more apparently relaxed than Peter Melles. The country's best all-rounder. It is a pretty safe bet that the thought of an important event tomorrow will not cost Melles a minute's sleep to-night. For Melles has learned the secret of relaxation—but that doesn't mean he doesn't suffer from the kind of nerves that are "right." Physically and psychologically, he is "wound up."

And so, of course, was Walter Hayes, that morning he arrived home some hours after the midday. Incidentally, we didn't quite finish that Hayes story here's the rest:

Immediately he tossed his bedsheet, he took a bottle of Scotch from a dresser. Turning to his friend, he said "This is great stuff to kill the taste of milk."

"What?" asked the other, "were you drinking milk for?"

"Why," replied Hayes, "milk is great stuff to kill the taste of rum."



"I was merely waiting till you hadle some sleep."

m

urder on the coast

JOSEPHINE BURNS



The only man who could tell why Andrew Hamilton was murdered is already in the grass

AT six o'clock in the afternoon of February 13, 1954, Andrew Hamilton mounted his horse in the little town of Bombala on the South Coast of New South Wales. Shooting farewell to his friends as he passed, he galloped away on the rough track that led to his farm across miles to the west. He was not seen again.

Andrew Hamilton had a good business head. He had been in Bombala only two years when he sold his saddle's shop at a handsome profit and opened a store on the road to Cooma. Later he disposed of this

store and bought a small farm. He was living there at the time of his disappearance.

Hamilton had saddled his horse early for the ride into Bombala. Arriving there about ten o'clock, he called at the post office for his mail, and then went to one of the small towns in the town.

An outboard motor was being dispatched by road that night to Eden to connect with a vessel leaving for Sydney, and during most of the morning the farmer sat in the little back porch of the hotel waiting letters.

At midday he ate a hearty dinner, and then joined the men in the bar.

Hamilton had remained a bachelor and lived alone on his farm, but in the ten years that he had been in the district, he had made a number of friends, and he spent time drinking with them on his weekly visits to Bombala.

In this manner he waited away the afternoon until four o'clock, when he called upon a local lawyer and asked him to prepare documents in connection with the transfer of some land.

Then loading his saddle bags with purchases from one of the stores, he set out on his homeward journey.

In 1954, the South Coast district of New South Wales was a lonely and sparsely-populated area, with frequent stretches of wild and rocky country between Sydney and the Victorian border. Communication with Sydney from as far south as Bombala was difficult and irregular. It was carried out mainly by small boats which called at varying intervals to take the farmers' produce to the markets.

Many miles separated the small settlements that lay to the west of Bombala, so it was not strange that eight days went by before it was discovered that Andrew Hamilton's farm was deserted.

On Sunday morning, February 14, one of Hamilton's neighbors called at his place and found the house locked up. Thinking Hamilton had gone away for the day, he was about to leave when he noticed a parcel lying on the verandah. It had been delivered by a Bombala carrier and still had the delivery notes attached.

Idly the man turned it over and read the date. It was February 12, ten days previously and two days after Hamilton's last visit to Bombala.

The neighbor then walked to the rear of the house and saw Hamilton's dog, which was still chained, lying dead on the ground. It was apparent it

had died from thirst and starvation.

Although the man told a few people of his discovery, no one gave it much heed. It was thought that Hamilton had probably ridden to another district to purchase stock, forgetting he had chained his dog. But another week went by and he still hadn't returned.

Then his lawyer, with whom the farmer had failed to keep an appointment to sign the documents that had been drawn up, informed the police, and Sub-inspector Knight arrived from Cooma to make investigations.

The mystery surrounding Andrew Hamilton's disappearance grew rapidly.

His journey was traced to within a few miles of his home. Four or five miles east of Bombala, he had passed a man who knew him by sight, and a little further on he had ridden in his horse to speak to a friend.

"It's been a big day," he told him. "I'll be glad to get home to bed."

A stranger, who was able to give an accurate description of the farmer, saw Hamilton still further along the road, and John Selby, whose settlement was the closest to Hamilton's, remembered having waved to him from the verandah as he went by.

But from that point the clues came to an end.

Someone suggested that his horse might have bolted into the bush and that Hamilton had fallen and been killed. Search parties were organized to scour the scrub for his body, but without result. Nor was there any sign of his horse.

Then the police began to explore the possibility of murder.

In their investigations they recovered valuable evidence from the former Selby, who said that earlier in the day on which Hamilton had disappeared, he had noticed three rough-looking swagmen camped on the road between his place and Hamilton's. He had been searching for straying stock when he saw them,

"LAST summer I saw a great deal of Clark Gable," writes Elia Maxwell.

"We lunched on the French Riviera at the same time. And I remembered the old Hollywood days, when best-up trousers and an old leather jacket suited Clark fine. It was, in fact, because he had no time for the gay social world to which he now adapts so handsomely that he and Carole Lombard Gable disappeared from the social scene. Carole loved Gable. Whatever he wanted, she wanted. So she proceeded, in her typical enthusiastic and brilliant way, to make her life over to his power. All of which explains the somewhat sad announcement, those who know Clark feel when they see pictures of him dancing or dining with a new girl or read that it looks like wedding bells for him.

From "Photoplay" the world best motion picture magazine.

but as he passed the same spot half an hour later, they had moved away. At the time he had thought it strange that they should have made such a hasty departure, but then forgot about it.

Selby was able to give good descriptions of the man, and these were circulated through all the districts between Sydney and Melbourne. The police were convinced that the three computers seen by Selby knew something about the former's disappearance. But there was still no proof that he had been murdered.

The search for the man proved fruitless and there was little more the police could do.

But his neighbours were not satisfied. Knowing Hamilton for a methodical businessman as well as a farmer, they could not believe he had gone away without arrangements for the disposal of his land and stock.

John Selby was one man who could not forget his friend's mysterious disappearance. He was continually discussing it with the other neighbours, asking them to voice any new theories that he might follow them up. Frequently they would see him

conducting a search on his own in the scrublands around the district.

More than nine years went by. Then disaster came on morning in December, 1933.

Selby, like Hamilton, lived alone on his farm. After breakfast he set to work to break in a young horse in the yard. It was a fiery animal, and as Selby came close to adjust the rope at its neck, it reared wildly, reared high into the air, and brought its two forefeet down on Selby's head. The man's skull was fractured and he died shortly afterwards.

Selby had been a popular and respected man in the district, and he was given an impressive funeral.

For some months his farm was under the care of a mortgagee. Then a relative, to whom Selby had willed the property, arrived from Victoria to take over. He improved and modernised the buildings, and in doing so, pulled down an old stone barn which had stood for many years about six hundred feet from the house.

The man who was then working Hamilton's land, was startled when the new owner of Selby's place arrived

trustless at his house late one afternoon. His white face told him something was wrong.

"Can you come back with me right away?" he asked.

The farmer got his horse and followed without question.

When they reached the partly demolished barn, the other man led him to a small room at the rear of the building. Here some of the floor stones had already been raised, and it was in these that the white-faced man was pointing.

As the neighbour walked over to them, a ghostly light met his eyes.

Lying on the earth beneath the stones, with pieces of cloth and badly decomposed flesh still adhering to the bones, was the skeleton of a man. His skull had been battered and crushed by the weapon which lay by his side. It was an axe, its blade dulled by the faint stains of blood which were still discernible.

There was no doubt that the skeleton was that of Andrew Hamilton, who had disappeared so mysteriously ten years before. The axe had belonged to his friend, John Selby.

But even though, after so long, the case of the missing farmer was solved only half the mystery had been cleared. If as it appeared, Selby had murdered Hamilton, no motive was ever found as to why he should have done so.

They had always been friends and had never been known to quarrel. There was no record of business dealings between them that might have led to depression. Nor did there seem to be any way in which the murderer could have benefited from the death of Andrew Hamilton.

The only person who could have thrown any light on the mystery, had himself a few months before the discovery of the skeleton, suffered so violent a death as the man he had murdered.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS . . . No. 58

WHITE WOMAN AGAINST A TRIBE



W. CRAIG HILL

When Hannah Dutton realized she had no proof of having killed 11 men, she faced further perils to collect their scalps.

A FRAIL, bush-buck canoe shot forward on the swerving waters of the flooded Merrimack in the royal province of New Hampshire. Like driftwood it was caught up by the swishing, battering angstroms, swept about, and, it seemed, would surely be consigned. That it was not, was due to the skill of the teen-age boy who handled the paddle in the manner of the Indians from whom he and the other two occupants escaped.

The clothes of the three were wet from the Merrimack, and dyed with the red of Indian blood. For this was a night in the April of 1865—a date to mark, not only in the history of the French colony of Canada, but in the English province of New Hampshire. For, in the Indian-English scalps were English, whether found in the French colony or the English settle-

ments—and it was English scalps they hunted.

And it was for fear of losing theirs that these three—Sam Lennardson, Hannah Dutton and Mary Nell—had accomplished a bloody deed that night. Now as their bodies fought against the flood, their thoughts were reaching shore to the quiet village of Haverhill, Massachusetts, from which the two women had been carried away—and to Worcester, where Samuel Lennardson had chopped wood and hunted game, and listened to his mother making omelets of an evening.

Hannah Dutton was the first of the three to raise voice against the rushing river, and the canoe lurched precariously as she called angrily.

"Sam, we must go back. I forgot something!"

"But Mrs. Dutton, m'um, we have

already travelled on here. We'll be all right making back against this!"
"It does not matter how long it takes, Sam. We must go back!"

Obediently Sam Lennardson worked the paddle against the stream and began the long arduous way back. He regarded Hannah with concern, but with trust, for this night Sam Lennardson had learned respect for Hannah Dutton. And though at times he deplored of their chance, and considered they might have been better off with the Redskins, they came at last to the point where the Merrimack converges with the Concord, and the place which was afterwards named Dutton.

Making safe the canoe they ventily approached the clearing close to the bank where were grouped the Indian wigwags and where lay—in a row between the tents and the remains of a fire, their bodies resting on the piles of birchbark they used for pillows and their bodies still wrapped in covers which had warmed them only that night—the mangled bodies of ten Abenaki Indians.

It was the work of a few minutes for Hannah, aided by Sam to collect her trophies—the ten Indian scalps. Mary and Sam wandered at her command in the grimy tent, but Hannah was set back. Out on the river which was bearing them so swiftly towards home, she had suddenly realized that without proof of their deed, the man or woman was not alive who would believe their tale. Now she was ready to return to Thomas and their seven remaining children.

In the spring of 1865 the French in Canada under the command of Ponsot were treating the local Indian tribes against the Pilgrim settlers as part of their campaign to win the New World for Louis XIV during his War of the Grand Alliance. Louis could not afford to send more troops to his Province because of the European unrest, and subsequently the French

shrewdly allied the Indian nations to their cause by gifts and propaganda, rich benefits were set on English scalps and prisoners.

Now every roving band of Redskins, eager for hundreds from the French, was determined to make the other in the quest for English scalps and rich reward. The Abenaki tribe scored the initial success when they raided Haverhill on March 15. The gay light of dawn was barely distinguishable in the eastern sky as the Indians groped in the woods for the attack on the sleepy hamlet.

On her farmhouse bed Hannah Dutton lay with her eighth child, not a week after her confinement.

Leaving the squares to guard their possessions the savages descended on the town, and while the men busily plundered and murdered the women-folk, a handful of their number moved stealthily towards the Dutton household.

Hannah was ordered to rise and dress and her nurse, Mary Nell, was captured as she tried to escape through a rear door. The two women wailed, helpless, while the savages rifled and found the household.

Feeling panic by colonists who had slashed the road, the Redskins turned the two prison-strained women towards the forest, and when the speed of the canoe was impeded by the weight of the baby, one of the Indians forced the child from her grasp, and before the horrified gaze of the mother debased and its brains against a tree.

Repeating the same feat with their captives and last, the Redskins set out for Canada and despite her feeble condition and mental weakness at the loss of her baby Hannah managed to keep pace with the party. She saw her friends weep and scalped when they fell by the side of the trail.

For fifteen terrible days the Indians forced the march through virgin wilderness—over rough, muddy trails

A young air force officer was waiting his turn at the parcel-post window. When he reached the head of the line he stopped back a few feet and sent his package flying over the counter by means of a well-placed drop kick. Then he explained to the flustered clerk, "I just wanted to see if the parcel could stand the type of handling it's going to receive."

from were in flood from the early spring rains and, in any case, the women were considered too weak to escape. Soon they now regarded as one of them.

Darkness of the second day on the island saw the execution of Hannah's plot. Involuntarily Mary Nell and Sam, and among each with a tomahawk, she crept noiselessly to a position at the head of her sleeping captor, leader of the Indian band. The others arranged themselves in similar manner beside the clanking weapons.

At a pre-arranged signal from Hannah, the men fell silently and swiftly, a stroke to each, with a message of deep revenge—the Indian died in a minute. A young buck and a badly wounded square were all that escaped.

Hastily taking food and weapons into the back canoe, and searching the remaining boats, the white party set off down the first-flooding Haverhill. It was an hour after this that Hannah decided to turn back, and several hours later that she wrapped her tomahawk in a cloth of her own weaving that she removed from the captured boat.

To avoid the dangers of further meetings with the Indians, the fortuneless party travelled by night, each taking a turn at piloting the frail craft. By day they hid in the woods and eventually, reaching the mouth of Redfish's Cove at a point where Creek Brook empties into the Merrimack, the weary vagabonds continued the journey on foot and by a remarkable piece of unexplained calculation, arrived back in Haverhill after an absence of a month. They were received as the risen dead and accorded a reception befitting a conquering monarch.

Hannah's husband, believing that the three had murdered a number to the village in the measure of revenge. Indians and filed a claim for the government bounty of \$25—a bounty which had been placed on Indian scalps in

1864, but was later reduced to half that amount and revoked completely in 1868 when claims apparently became too numerous.

In April of 1867, he accompanied the three to Boston where he filed a petition to the Governor in that city. In claiming the reward, Boston pleaded that the "secret of the Action remained the same" and that "your petitioner having lost his Estate in that Colony renders him the fitter object for what consideration the public Bounty shall judge proper for what hath been done."

As stark evidence of their achieve-

ments, Hannah presented the Governor of Massachusetts with the ten scalps and the tomahawks smeared with the victims' blood. That same afternoon, the General Court dispensed with red tape and voted the payment of a gratuity of twenty-five pounds "unto Thomas Weston on behalf of his wife" and half that sum to Mary Nell and Samuel Lennardson.

Years after her death, the first monument, commemorating the fate of a woman to be erected in the United States, was unveiled in Hannah, in the town square of Haverhill, Massachusetts.

HANDKERCHIEF

By CLAYTON WILLIAMS



WINGS MEN THOUGHT MIGHT FLY



MARIE J. FANNING

A shoemaker, a watchmaker, a locksmith, and an assassin had the same idea, and look where it led!

AT seven o'clock in the evening a crowd began to gather in the Coissones Gardens, London. Suddenly they formed a closely packed circle around a large open space where curious things were happening.

An odd-looking creature, like a giant bat with great glazing wings and a dangling tail, was poised awkwardly on the grass. Some two-hundred feet above the ground, and anchored by ropes and iron stakes, was a pin-filled balloon of the type that men had lately been using to drift in a remarkable manner across the seas.

The crowd pressed forward excitedly, newcomers elbowing and pushing from the rear for a better view. A gap went up as the creature with the wings turned slowly and the figure of a man was revealed.

He was standing on a high wooden platform with the swimmers' wings

strapped to his shoulders. Made of stout, waterproof silk these wings had a hinged framework of cane, measured 30 feet in length with an average breadth of 4 feet. The hanging tail was 20 feet long and 1 foot wide.

The date was July 2, 1874, and the man who would soon endeavor to demonstrate to the watching crowd that he could initiate the flight of a bird, was Vincent de Groof, a shoemaker from Belgium. For many years this man had been devoting all his spare time to the construction of the apparatus which would give him power to float gracefully through the air.

De Groof had made the wings in such a way that they could be raised upwards and downwards by muscular force with the aid of rubber bands which he attached to his arms, and

he was convinced that, having started from a given height, he could manage his descent towards the earth in an inclined swooping motion without risk of concussion.

To reach the height from which the descent would be made, de Groof had enlisted the aid of a man named Benneux, who had an aerial balloon. The Belgian was to be attached to the basket of the balloon, in which Benneux would ride, and the balloon would then be released. When de Groof gave the signal, Benneux was to liberate him and he would begin his thrilling descent.

The shoemaker had already made an attempt to fly. In the early hours of one morning a week previously, Benneux had taken him aloft with his balloon. All went well until the time came for de Groof to be freed. Then Benneux became nervous and decided he was unable to do it. He did not tell the other man, however, and so they descended from a height of 300 feet over Epping Forest. de Groof landed the ground with moving wings some moments before the balloon. He did not notice that Benneux had failed to cut the line and therefore believed he had actually flown and landed safely.

As Benneux climbed into the basket-car for the second flight, he knew that this time in the presence of so many people, he would have to carry out his part of the bargain.

Several men had volunteered to lift the staker from the ground, and as they did so, the balloon soared upwards taking de Groof and his wings with it.

They drifted slowly over the garden, then at a signal from de Groof, the balloon was gradually lowered again down 400 feet to 300 feet. The winged man on his long rope was dangling a little over 100 feet above the ground.

When they were close to the church tower of St. Luke's, de Groof shouted

in German to the man above, and Benneux detached the rope.

De Groof lifted his arms as he dropped, but with a sudden lurch he appeared to lose control. The wings collapsed, and to the horror of the spectators, the man, still strapped to the weighty apparatus and clung to his ropes, turned over and over and then fell with great violence to the ground. He was killed instantly.

Vincent de Groof was only one of hundreds of "birdmen" who over the years attempted to spread their peculiar assortment of wings and fly.

The earliest record of an attempt at flight, is that of the Chinese Emperor Shun, who in 2255 B.C. escaped from a prison in which he was imprisoned. Threatened with death at a hanging stake, the Emperor had climbed to the top of the high building and successfully "flew" to safety by skillfully flapping two legs unorthodoxly made of reeds, which he attached to his shoulders.

During the eleventh century, a Serene of Constantinople, was anxious to show his skill as a flier before the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, Sultan of the Turks, and a large concourse of people, and attempted to fly across the Hippodrome where horses were being raced.

His flying costume was a kind and very wide garment of white silk, braced with rods of willow-wood on a elaborate framework. From the top of the Hippodrome tower, he leaped into the wind and took off. Unfortunately his wings were unable to keep him aloft and he fell to his death.

An Italian, John Borelli, who was appointed to the French Court of Louis XIV as physician in 1667, constructed a pair of leather wings, and fastening them to his body, he tried to launch himself from the palace walls, but fell to the ground and broke a leg.

Faustly one of the most successful

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME.

I know you've found a new romance, a fresher thrill!
I know you're acting like a hotel—and always will.
(Do you think I care?)

I know you're telephoning her three times a day
And sending flowers and cigarettes—the same old play!
(Do you think I care?)

I know just how you stroke her hair and kiss her lips,
I know you've given her those gorgeous diamond clips
(Do you think I care?)

I'll say I do—I'm splitting clean!

KAY GRANT

early attempt was made by a Sable Lockhart, Besnier, who used two rods rather like axes, at the ends of which were hinged flags. Raising these rods to his shoulders, Besnier worked the flags up and down, with his hands and feet. They spread and acted upon the air as they descended, closing on the upstroke. With the assistance of these axes, Besnier actually made several safe landings after pumping from rooftops and trees. It was believed but not witnessed that he succeeded in gliding across a river.

By the sixteenth century, air balloons had already been put to considerable usage. The first successful voyage had been made in 1533 by a Frenchman, Pierre de Bour, who held on to the end of a line attached to a balloon designed by the Montgolfier brothers. From that date on, continuous improvement was made in the construction of balloons.

There was also some experiment

in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in air machines. An Englishman, Alexander Paucot, designed a screw-driven aircraft in 1783, which consisted of a chair with two propellers. One propeller was to lift the chair vertically into the air, and the other to keep it on an even level. Although Paucot had little success with his invention and ceased experimenting, the idea incorporated in his machine showed that marked advancement had been made in the possibility of flight.

Nevertheless, it was the nineteenth century that yielded probably the most persistent and outstanding inventions.

Two of these, who presided almost as much as society as did de Gaulle, were Jakob Denner, a watchmaker of Vienna, and a German tailor named Berblinger.

While he bent over his watchbench dovetailing tiny cog wheels and set-

ting his time watches ticking, 33-year-old Jakob Denner thought of flying. He had been working secretly for a long time on a contraption which he was convinced would one day repay him for the time he had spent on it.

It was a thin, oval little man who constantly suffered from the solitude of his workshop in 1858 to demonstrate his results to a number of people in a lofty theatre in Vienna.

He stood motionless, harnessed to two heart-shaped wheels made of cane and bamboo and liberally covered with 3200 flags of varnished paper. The giant winged spread 138 square feet. In addition, to diminish his own weight, he had constructed a counterweight running on rollers.

At last, with the aid of a framework of oak, he set his wings in motion. To everyone's amazement, the man slowly rose and soared to the roof.

When the Imperial board of this achievement, he bestowed handsome gifts on the birdman.

Denner then decided to make another ascent in the Champ de Mars. However, instead of a counterweight, he fastened a small balloon above the apparatus. But when Denner operated his wings, the clockwork failed to function, and the people who watched booed and shouted with derision.

The unhappy fellow went back to his workshop and gave up all further hope of overcoming the law of gravity.

Berblinger's flying apparatus was an inferior duplicate of Denner's.

On May 30, 1811, he announced that he would fly from the city wall of Ulm across the Danube. Thousands of people gathered to witness the flight, and among them was the King of Wurtemberg.

But as he stood looking down into the river from the wall, Berblinger suddenly lost his confidence. He moved his wings once or twice, took a short run, then stopped. He did this

several times but still could not make up his mind to jump.

Then the King became impatient. The next time Berblinger flattered his wings, His Majesty made a sign to a police official standing behind the birdman. The policeman gave him a push and Berblinger fell sprawling and crying into the Danube. He was fished out near the worse for his assumption, but he, too, gave up his ambition to fly, and concentrated on his venture by sitting up the reel and where he had used for his wings and making out of them women's parasols.

These crude attempts at flight were once considered to be evidence only of man's primal desire to evade nature, and of his envy of the cool, graceful power of gliding with which birds, butterflies and bats had been endowed.

But in the light of the rapid advancement of aircraft design and construction during the last fifty years, it is perhaps easier to believe that those primitive ventures were but the early recognition of an evolution that was logical and inevitable.



The mob said kill !



MICHAEL O'SHANE

The law now tries not justice to those who would take the law into their own hands and kill a man on insufficient evidence of guilt.

"THROW him out, you like-bellied, sugar-baited sons of b——."

Strong words, and words pregnant with danger when shouted angrily by a mob of five thousand armed men, women, and children pushing and jostling around the doors of the Court House in Lenoire, Texas, at the spring of 1938.

It was early on a Friday afternoon, and since daylight dawned men, mostly gun-toting women, and children were crying with excitement and not a little fear had travelled from outlying towns and nearby towns to gaze in the clamor for blood—the blood of a negro.

This was a mob, a killing mob with emotions stirred and passions cooled to the point of apathy and concerted action. Lawyer and laborer,

farmer and physician, clerk and carrier, all united with the one pervading blood-lust, howled for vengeance—or was it justice—to their estranged fellow.

The incident started with a triviality on the previous Saturday, a negro farm laborer called at the home of his employer for his wages, a mere six dollars. The farmer was in Lenoire and had forgotten to leave the money, so the negro went away grumbling, but not unduly upset. Shortly afterwards, he returned with a shotgun, threatened the farmer's wife and sexually assaulted her.

During the night, the woman raised the alarm, and a neighbor was on as fast as telephone could rouse a sheriff's posse. The negro was eventually brought in after capture, march-

ing, by a sheriff's officer. The claim by the officer that he had been fired on by the negro was discounted later by an independent examination of injuries.

With the countryside already aflame, the mobsters took the way of proceeding to lodge the accused in a jail some distance from Lenoire. Throughout Monday a small group of men and boys prowled around the town jail. Wild rumors spread until the exaggerated reports of the news reached fantastic proportions.

By Tuesday night the crowd had swelled to a vast throng and natural leaders emerged, among a demand that the prisoner be handed over. Only after the sheriff had conducted some representatives of the mob through the jail to prove that the negro was not held there did the crowd disperse, and then with ugly threats of future action.

Black, brooding temper smoldered in the crowd until the Friday morning of the trial. Although serious trouble seemed probable, the judge refused to change the venue of the trial, he would hold his court despite the mob's threats. He did, however, take the precaution of calling for the services of four Texas Rangers as an extra guard for the prisoner.

Being fully aware of the temper of the crowd, the sheriff did not risk transporting him through the streets in daylight; he arranged for the Rangers to smuggle the negro into the court before dawn.

Throughout the morning, during the long process of selecting the jury outside the court, the crowd outside the building grew in density. Back howls of warning forced the swarming drive of its anger it stirred with wild enthusiasm when the runner circulated that the Governor had ordered the Rangers not to shoot should any attempt to save the negro be made.

At 1 p.m. a stretcher was carried through the streets from a nearby

hospital to the Court House, on it was the woman victim of the assault. Nothing could have stirred the mob to wilder frenzy. The last shudder on retreat staggered like that of a wounded animal, the woman's body was raised and carried into the Court House.

Fighting back desperately and using their broken arms as levers, three of the Rangers took the first assault of the mob while the fourth released two gas. Temporarily blinded, choking, roaring, coughing, but viewing vengeance, the mob stumbled back to the relief of the outside air.

Thus thwarted in the first mass attack, the mob had then started its violent demand for its prey. It lurched to a sudden silence as the stretcher emerged from the Court House; the bulk of a shapely figure could be seen on the stretcher; it was covered with a dripping sheet.

"It's a trick, they're smuggling the black one of a hatch away."

No money was the thought put into shouted word then the mob recoiled, it surged forward, men and women fighting and jostling for position close to from where they could pounce on the negro, but when the leader watched the sheet from the body, the crowd fell back, subdued and answered, for the woman lay unconscious on the stretcher, she had been paralyzed by the tear gas.

Wild rumors flew; the woman had died of shock at the sight of her torment. Hysteria swept the mob; blind, panic-stricken, unrestrained anger burst all bonds, as, howling as they, the multitude rushed the barred doors. Thoroughly alarmed, the judge abandoned the trial and ordered a change of venue. He directed that the prisoner be held in a fireproof, reinforced concrete vault on the second floor.

At 2:30 p.m. a woman reached one of the lower windows and hauled a coil of gasoline through the break. A firestick followed, and the Court

NAPOLÉON is said to have preferred men with large noses and this must surely have been laughing when it dawned that it should be Wellington who should finally bring him to the dust, for Wellington had the largest nose of them all. Large noses seem to be synonymous with fame, for a great many large noses have figured in history and letters—Caesar, for one, Shakespeare, Dickens and Deane to mention a few.

Horne scuffed with flame, the occupants being driven up the stairs to the second floor.

Having fought a passage through the mob, the Fire Brigade managed to run ladders up outside the building. The mob allowed the firemen to carry on though it harried its anger and decision when the Judge, the County Attorney, the Sheriff, and the Registrar were released. It did not interfere until all were saved, except the editor.

"Let him burn," the crowd shouted in unison.

Adjusted by common impulse, men slashed the house to ribbons, decided down leaders, and attacked the firemen powerfully, driving them from their stations. The mob cheered wildly as the Brigade abandoned the useless fight, but one man made an impetuous remark at the sight of such wild destruction of public property.

"Now ain't that a shame," he muttered.

No sooner had he spoken than he dropped to the ground unconscious, he had been felled by a blow on the head with a bottle.

At 4 p.m. a small detachment of

the National Guard from a nearby town circled wearily around the outskirts of the crowd, but, fearing its temper and its numbers, returned to their homes without attempting any action.

Two hours later fifty-two National Guardsmen arrived, but the mob, having stones, bottles, and slabs of dynamite, drove them back three blocks to the goal. There, with reinforcements, the troops made a stand, shooting over the heads of the crowd, but they did not attempt to attack, leaving it free to return to the Court House.

For four hours up till midnight, the brick and reinforced concrete wall defied all efforts of the mob to burst it open. Then, with an explosive torch and working from the top of a long ladder, one of the mob leaders managed to cut a hole in the steel door big enough to take a charge of dynamite.

A sudden rush fell over the crowd as the charge was lit and burst. It persisted until the blast, then a mighty cheer rose forth, for the dynamite had blown a hole in the door large enough for a man to enter. The leader charged through.

"Hiss he he," he shouted, as he crumpled and topped down the dead body of the negro killed by either the fire or the explosion.

Lynchdom the noise came from Charles Lynch, an eighteenth century Virginian is dressed at Beaton, being against a particular individual for a special crime, or protestant, being of economic origin, generally in depression periods, and usually directed against a racial minority.

Australia's major case occurred in Melbourne in January, 1938, following the death of Jordan, an Australian miner, after falling from a blow struck by an Italian barman of the House from House Hotel. Ninety-five business premises, houses and sheds, were wrecked and burned.

According to Dr. H. V. Smart, who investigated, the riot was economic in origin and was directed against shops because of alleged unfair preferences in the prices. The killing of Jordan was merely the spark to the trade. The Nelson was later acquitted, but apart from numerous statutory convictions, eight men were later sentenced on criminal charges. Comparison with American figures in this respect heavily favors Australia.

Unfortunately the temper of the masses has flamed in recent years.

As often as not, it is later proved that the victim was not guilty of the crime for which he has been hanged. Of twenty-eight lynchings in 1939 the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynchings reported that eight only were probably guilty. The Leeville victim was most definitely guilty of these acts.

"Take him to Nigger Town! Take him to Nigger Town!"

The Leeville mob was not satisfied with the death of the negro, nor even with the sight of his body hanging from a limb of an elm in front of the jail. A Ford sedan, in which were two boys and two girls, was requisitioned as a torch. The body was secured to the back of the car, and five thousand yelling, cheering people forced a leisure procession, many of them shouting "Happy Day for Black Anoid!"

On a tall outcropped tree in front of a negro dressmaker's shop, the black body was hoisted in chains to the African sheets of the mob. With axes, hammers, and sheer manpower the crowd crashed into the nearby stores, furniture, destroying, and pilfered furniture and fittings high under the venturing corpse.

To the frenzied cheers from five thousand throats, the flames leaped high. Anoid a word hebel of screaming, yelling, and arguing, to dancing and the music-making, urging rays of a multitude of normally sane men,

women, and children in the grip of mob hysteria, the body was burned.

Stated at last, some of the crowd went home, but the rest leaped themselves into an orgy of looting, and looting throughout the negro quarters. Two thousand Leeville natives fled for their lives; the mob was running them out of the town.

At 1 a.m. on Saturday 150 more troops arrived, with more later, until at dawn 615 members of the National Guard were under arms with rifles, tear gas, and machine-guns. Leeville was under control.

Mutual law was declared, and the clean-up started. A military court eventually handed over twenty-one men and 600 typed pages of evidence to the civil authorities and, after nine days of occupation, the troops were withdrawn.

The venue of the civil trial was moved to another town, for no jury could be assembled that would convict, whatever the evidence. One man lost his head; he was sentenced to two years for arson, but he was released before completing his term. The remaining men were never brought to trial.



It started ~~that~~ way



Cupboards are the handiest things. Where better to store the poker-chips, out-dated magazines and fancy-work? But wait, that's not the function for which they were intended. Pre-16th century cupboards were truly cup boards—mainly shelves for drinking vessels.

What is a bedroom not a room? When it is a bed. The answer was not always as obscure as it sounds today. The Elizabethans slept in postage rooms that led one into the other. Necessity inspired the toilet, pants and curtains. A bit small perhaps, but that's how private rooms started.



Late for us is just one dressed uniform after another. But it was not always so. The vogue was begun by that provocative sovereign, the eighth Henry, when he decided to make his army regular, and ordered that it be known in the field by the St. George Cross worn on the petticoat, and that the king's men of each parish wear a distinctive dress.

"What would we do without coffee? ask the Bohemians when trade, or pleasure, demands they keep the early watches. The stimulative properties of the bean have been prettily appreciated since its first brewing—which took place after a monk discovered that by chewing the berries of the shrub he was able to remain awake at night."



The grandest musical instrument is the organ—and the loudest the penny whistle. Right? Well, here's where the twain do meet! Even a modern organ is only so many whistles played in a mechanical way. A bright spark of madcapred times started it with a small portable pipe organ, but before that there were—just so many whistles!



getting the GOLD

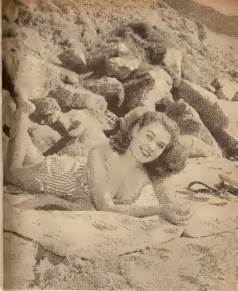
SHADES of the Forty-niners . . .

They're gold-diggers again in California! And actress Jo Jordan shows how it's done. Scoop hay and kitchen drains are the only tools at hand. The hit would not have suited the old times . . . and they'd have been right at the get-go . . . but

Je filis it fine, so she takes advantage of every golden opportunity to rent the headless prospecting bent. She's sure there are specks of gold under the sand . . . and she won't overlook this beach property . . . no knowing what a bright-eyed gold digger might find!



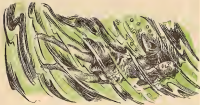
Lots of people have the mistaken idea that the glamorous ladies who do movie, radio and stage really put the high skirts when not working. "I can't do," says Jo. "Being an actress is a tough grind and plenty competitive. A girl has to be in shape in more ways than one." If results count for anything, Jo's programme has a lot to commend it.



Even if she doesn't find gold, Jo will go back with a nice healthy tan. That's well known, that's all she's counting on! The patchwork accessory gives her away. Well, you never know when a really rich gentleman will come along. Come to think of it, gold-digging never did go out of vogue!

HOURS OF SUICIDE

If Eleanor Offitt had chosen to die, she waited now, more than anything else, to live. But she had already cheated life, and death was cheating her.



PETER DAVIS

TO the passengers aboard the steamer *Lithia Luckenbach* as she left San Francisco nearly 12 years ago (Nov., 1897), Eleanor Offitt was an enigma.

What was the mystery behind her somber eyes. An unhappy love affair, most people guessed.

When three passengers, after some argument, started her consent to make a fourth at bridge one night, they imagined they might probe her secret. To their surprise and dismay as a clock struck midnight, she suddenly lunged down her cords in the middle of a head and without a word of apology rushed to her cabin.

At 1 a.m. a white-faced stewardess reported that the lazarlike Miss Offitt had disappeared. Four sealed

letters, one addressed to the Captain, three to persons in New York, told their story, without need to open them. Offitts hurriedly searched the ship, but every access led only to the possibility of self-destruction.

"We don't know when she left the ship," said the first officer. "The poor girl's probably gone to the bottom an hour ago."

"No doubt," agreed the Captain, but the strange story of the sea is interwoven with his strange certainty that a human life might yet be saved. Had some basic some warned him a miracle was taking place? The ship was then hundreds of miles from land. Though there seemed little chance in turning back to search the white-crested

waves of a shark-infested sea, the fact remains that the captain gave orders to retraced the course the *Lithia Luckenbach* had followed.

Hour after hour a searchlight swung to and fro over the black ocean. The sailors on watch followed its beam, waiting for the dawn to convince them that all was futile.

Yet amid those dark waters, as they searched, Eleanor Offitt still lived, disoriented at last against a terrible fate. She could not swim. She had been victim of death. Yet now she found she could not drown.

When she flung herself from the deck and was sucked far down through the water, it seemed she would never rise again. During that awful descent, the choking deeper of the past few weeks deserted her, she waited for nothing but to live. Then she found herself floating on the surface, the stars glittering above her head, the great mass of the ship gliding by.

She put out her hand and touched it. With the thought of the propeller, terror seized her. The revolving screw . . .

She closed her eyes, waiting, kicking. Then the danger was past, although the ship was leaving her behind. She screamed but its faint light needed further and further. Soon she was alone on that wide sea, without help, with only the stars and the waves.

That was the miracle of Eleanor Offitt. For seven hours she floated on the ocean's breast, lower, succeeding hour as she still lived. In the first few minutes, she made up her mind to make no attempt to struggle but to wait her fate in peace, the hurricane stiff with cold, but enjoyed the stinging sensation. Soon she would sleep . . .

Suddenly a grey shape came sliding toward her. A ship? A ship? For a few seconds her confused mind could not grasp her danger. All

through the night she seemed to have caught a glimpse of some shape, like the glacial outline of land that loomed and vanished. Helmsman! Now she knew that this was reality—she and all the terrifying tales she had ever heard of sharks come flooding into her mind.

She screamed in despair, splashed wildly with her legs and arms . . . and instantly sank. When, coughing and gasping, she came to the surface, she knew that her only chance was to remain still and placid.

The sinister shadow of the night had disappeared. Hours were seemed to pass in constant terror of sharks. Her neck burned intolerably. Excruciating pains ran through her limbs. As dawn broke she said to herself in amazement, "So I am to see the light of the sun again?"

An intolerable weariness possessed her.

Did she sleep in that sea? All she knows is that she opened her eyes and daylight had fully come and a ship was very close. Despite her shivers, it seemed to pass without noticing her till in its white wake she caught sight of a redoubt. Men's voices called to her encouragingly. Hands reached her from the watery grave.

To the skipper of the *Lithia Luckenbach* it seemed almost unbelievable that he had picked up his missing passenger only ten minutes before he had agreed to abandon the search. When Eleanor Offitt had gradually recovered, he paid her a visit, questioned her and received no answer. He returned her smiling letter unanswered. Still she would say nothing even allow her eyes to express mute protest.

As they docked at New York, word of the drama had leaked out and reporters swarmed the ship. She studied them. It was only weeks afterwards that she told a friend of the agony of her seven hours wait for death. . .



WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF

FASHION

How expensively absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, down of no use! Beauty is of value, her whole prospect of happiness in life may even depend upon a new gown or a becoming headdress, and if she has five grains of sense she will find this out.

Sydney Smith, *Lady Holland Memoirs*

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties while she hides, reveals
Gives but a glimpse and fancy draws
What'er the Grecian Venus was

Edmond Moore

Silk was invented so that women could go naked in clothes

Mahomet

Let your person please by cleanliness and be made sweet by the campane,
let your legs fit and be spotted

Quid

A well tied tie is the first success step in life.

Oscar Wilde

Deans drain our cells dry and keep our bodies lean.

Chasper.

Fashion is purity running away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken

William Hazlitt

Though wrong the mode, surely, more sense is shown in wearing others' fashions than our own.

Edmond Yewap

Good clothes open all doors

Thomas Fuller

Ave Gondar, M-G-M. star





FRIEND of SAVAGES

John Gilbert pressed himself up on his arm, the better to see his young friend across the tent.

"You know, Murphy, I reckon there's a woman at the bottom of these natives. They've been trading us over since that skinnish Charlie and Brown had with them the other day."

"A woman, eh, John?"

"Yes, sir, a woman! Charley wouldn't stop at anything if he could get a hand on one of those native women. Mark my words, young Murphy, those natives have been outraged and we'll be fortunate if we don't have serious trouble!"

John Gilbert, botanist and geologist, felt no danger at the moment, for blacks, as a general rule, did not attack at night. Roger and Culvert were in the other tent. Phillip, he knew, was down by the water. Leichhardt and the two aborigines, Charley and Brown, were on guard by the fire. Gilbert recalled that he had disappointed Charley's intention in the expedition right at the beginning. That was nearly nine months ago. Charley had refused to promise their breakfast, and then made matters worse with insulting language to the leader. Charley had apologized the next day and Leichhardt had taken him back. But Gilbert was suspicious.

And then there was this business with Brown. Of course it was not to be wondered that men would become restless after nine months on the trail, and still no sign of the Gulf, but when the two natives had begun to quarrel it had added to the difficulties. John Gilbert began to think about his diary—a collection of impressions and his notes of botanical specimens. His notebook was filled and now he was overwriting the notes already made. He hoped he would be able to read them when he returned. He was almost asleep, when he heard the first bloodthirsty scream of attacking natives. He heard Leichhardt's call for gun caps and then he was out from under his covers and reaching for his own gun.

As he grabbed his gun a spear flew through the half light of the tent opening, found its mark in his breast and John Gilbert sank to the ground.

With the bark of guns the natives vanished and within a few minutes of the first howling screams all was quiet. But John Gilbert, friend of the blacks, was dead by the hand of those for whom he had worked.

They buried him under a tree, on one which was inscribed his name and age. But there was no record—only the remains of a fire which they hurried to remove any evidence of a grave.



Being an account of how a couple of contrary "creatures" settled a nagging problem for two "scholarly" spouses.

THE BOUNDARY FENCE

MERVYN ANDREWS



HAVING completed her toilet on the breakfast dishes, Martha Swanny carried the tin dish to the door. With a deft swirl and a masterly last-minute change of aim she pushed the water along the veranda. The rattling rooster, the clucking Black Orpington, and the speckled hen retreated precipitously with squeals of protest.

"It's not clean!" that up after ye I'll have to be," the woman said, with a grin of satisfaction.

Bright morning sunshine and her temporary victory over the poultry encouraged Martha to sing as she walked towards the bedroom.

"The hen-rup that sees through," she crooned with high, off-key enthusiasm. "Two-rib's A-re-a-ah."

The screaming wall of woe, like a bamboo in delirium, cut short all pretence of song. Martha stood petrified, her head shrieking the door, her mouth gaping open, her eyes staring in stark horror; the beast stood framed in the window, its face a gray blot like an asbestos mask, with sinister curving horns sparkling above.

"Moorrrrr!"



Boldy, bellowing massively, crushed through the trough.

The beast growled, a hoarse, dabbled, atavistic snarl. Martha fled instinctively, shaking a penetrating squeal of terror, screaming for Poi. Warned of her approach, the poultry scattered. She leaped across the yard as if all the devils of hell pursued her. The drish and mifle as she tripped over the paddy basket added to her frenzy, she somersaulted with undramatic agility and tumbled headlong into Poi as he emerged from the shed.

"Two the devil himself," she gasped at her terror. "In me own bedroom he was, wid the face of him, an' the horns, an' his red coat around him, an' the tail of him strikes' at me in his wrath."

Looking over her head as he tried to calm her, Poi cut short the secret scrambling of his prayer when he saw a raw-boned, red cow lumbering across the paddock for the break in the post and rail boundary fence which

it had made a short hour before. He thrust his trembling wife aside with a rough shove and took a firm grip of his stick-like under stick.

"To the third wid ya, women," he said eagerly, as he leunched in pursuit. "The thought but Murphy's white-faced cow."

Warned by Martha's first scream, the cow had withdrawn its head hurriedly from the bedroom window, abandoned its feast on the curtains and, with an tactics of strategic retreat, had headed for the sanctuary of its own pasture.

"Quite a' the Flems," Danny Murphy had observed it as a call, though Baldy was its common designation. Once in its own rock-strewn pasture it stopped and stood the man with heady dignity. For once that it seemed of him directly, bawling the best manners of his nostrils. Neither the lower animal trumpet nor Danny Murphy's painful anger could stay him; he leunched himself at the cow with the stick flailing.

Taken by surprise Baldy wheeled and, following naturally, charged for the house with Sweeney, putting for breath, just behind it, belaboring its rump. The cow handled appealingly, she snatched squealing fowls; she crashed through the pig trough, galloping the mud over the ground. But, unable to avoid the house, pushed headlong into the stack.

By the time Sweeney had picked himself up and wiped the slime from his face, Baldy had disappeared. She took shelter on the front veranda where, in the company of Sweeney's old grey mare, she placidly chewed the cud until the tumult subsided. Then she wandered off unattended for further adventures through the broken fence.

Though the cow was not in sight when Pat rose, Danny Murphy was. The little man's mouth worked desperately to control his anger, and his short glances constantly belated him

the holes in a hen's neck, but the tall, broad-shouldered Sweeney was equally forbear.

"Where be she?" he shouted, waving his stick wildly. "To eat the hen out yer an' feed it to the pig. Or will she mope?" murmur's variant. "Toss the devil himself so send her, an' that man's father to yourself. Murphy, O'm thinkin'."

Danny raised an appealing head. "To not yourself ye be O'm murmur's, Pat an' small wonder at that, but it's a shame like Rose o' Erin's hen have, an' it's profit I'm wantin' to see it."

A bare row in the Rose, Sweeney agreed, mollified. "An' it's seem' the surface O'd like to be."

By the time that the bird's head had been inspected and the contents of whisky bottle consumed the two men were in more friendly accord, but Pat insisted on Murphy repeating the fence.

"But the poor innocent beast just wanders through the holes yer could give your's his neck! These two years," Murphy protested.

"The wonder it ye'll be," Sweeney pointed doggedly; he was shaken by the truth about the grey mare, but he and Murphy had been rehearsing and counter-rehearsing for a year to get the other to mend the fence, this chance was too good to miss.

"With all the wall in the world I'd be don't it," Danny wheedled. "But it's me shoulder, had com to it, it's some to me mouth I can be liftin' me hand when I be scratchin' me ear."

Winning with pain at each jerky movement, Danny raised his right arm. Sweeney watched suspiciously; the dexterity had not been evident at Murphy's turn to lift the whisky bottle, though the complaint was noticeably bad when it proceeded to work.

"Shame an' O' wouldn't be askin' ye to be liftin' yer hands higher'n the belly up ye?" Sweeney told him with a sly grin. "O'll be liftin' the side for ye after ye've got the holes."

Murphy knew that Sweeney had his plan, you could lead him to the wall, just like a pig, but you could not drive him to market. Bowing to the inevitable, he went to the house for tools, and there he glimpsed the grey mare under the veranda. He lifted up to Bridget and whispered sweetly in her ear. She nodded a ready agreement, and Danny went off with Sweeney.

"Two yer take to did it," Murphy protested again, when the two stood dumbly at the broken fence. "See the tracks?"

"Two yer cow," Sweeney returned obstinately, but his confidence was shaken, he admitted. "The trouble we'll do it that 'the nose can my hand don't be wider' the hands on our shuffling number."

"It's iron as a stronger than wood," Danny suggested hopefully, he knew how close to the surface was the sick bottom. "The bridin' the old posts together we could be don't."

"Divil take ye for a lousy spigun," Pat retorted. "The three new posts we'll be havin', an' O'll be givin' 'em from me shod when ye be makin' the holes. An' I'd dare ye'll be makin' 'em, too."

"Then it's yer crowbar O'll be needin'," Murphy said meekly. "Two levin' me own behind when O' brought it."

Sweeney scowled but trudged off to the house, while Danny set on the ground, heading shantly. It was only a miracle as Bridget's prompt action that could save him, he thought, and it seemed that Bridget had saved him, for here was Sweeney returning.

Taking the bar, Danny reared it two inches from the ground, but his eyes were staring vacantly. Suddenly he groined with relief, loud cries resounded from the Murphy house, amidst a squawking of fowls and a clatter of tin, the old grey mare charged from the yard, be-

labeled by Bridget's scream. With the instincts of self-preservation, the horse reared for the gap in the fence, but, seeing the men there, it reversed and crashed through the tumble-down structure a few yards above them. Danny dropped the bar and turned as Sweeney belligerently.

"Two yer horse as done it," Danny cried angrily.

Confronted by such irrefutable evidence, Sweeney yielded. He became apologetic and volunteered to repair the damaged fence himself. Danny looked unconcerned, but he stood by silently while Sweeney drove in the crowbar to lever out the old posts, but at the first lift of the bar, a high-pitched, wailing scream rose from the Sweeney house.

Both men swung round in time to see the white-faced cow emerge slowly from Sweeney's front veranda. In its back-hungry gallop it leaped across the field, fell flying, then, as seeing the two men, it reversed itself and crashed through the fence below them.

With a resigned shrug of his shoulders, Danny looked at Pat. "The whole new fence we should be puttin' up," he ventured seriously.

"Inside an' it is, Danny," Sweeney admitted. "But well we be makin' it at all, it's in their own paddocks the horses'll be stayin' quite content, if there be no fence for them to be broken down for to be gittin' out, the country creates."

The light of a great inspiration flooded Danny Murphy's face.

"The truth that ye're speakin', Pat, an' it's creates ye mentioned," he said suggestively. "The a drop of that same O'ma model for the side an' the posts on me shoulder after all the work O've been doin'."

"The a bottle of that same O' be havin' bid in the wood house beyond the shed," Sweeney acknowledged, considering the price of it cheap against the labour of repairing the boundary fence.

THE Golden MUTINEER

CEDRIC BENTLEY

It was a pretty serious storm, but it passed. The playboy rival was left fiddling something he should never have started.

AS I sprinted along the beach towards the jolly a white-headed tern banked in low grace against the thrust of the wind, and some skiffing back on motuinous wings to take a closer look. There was a sparkle on the water, and the breeze blew keen and fragrant from the sea.

It was all so perfect—and so wrong. To run my head there should have been storm, with the sea-birds mewing all inland and the wave-crests flattening in the beginnings of a gale. Something was blowing up, something with the power to push me high and dry on a lee shore when up till now my course had seemed fair enough—and it had nothing to do with the weather.

That was how I felt, apprehensive and a little peeved—because, when I skidded round the groynes in a flurry of sand and headed into the path through the sand-hills. It is my only explanation for what happened.

Suddenly it was there before me—the face I detested. It was one of those lean, hard, twenty faces with slick black hair and perfect teeth flashing through a colour-scheme of synthetic smites. Jerry Kasee smiled his eyebrows at me as that lauged way of his, and flicked a tired hand



It was all he had time for. There reflect brought my fist up. I knew a tingling joy when it smacked home with a muzzy thud. When the dust cleared Jerry was sitting in the middle of the track, a surprised look on his face.

It should have been easy from there. Here was the author of all my troubles. All I had to do was to beat him to a jolly if he wanted fight or chase him out of town if he turned tail. That would remove the rocks from the fairway, would leave everybody else sitting again for me and Boss Be single, eh?

"A little settled, Roams boy?" murmured Jerry, clasping his jaw. "Can't take opposition, eh?"

He was cowering off the ground as he



again, and his eyes flitted for a moment over my left shoulder. I turned, and saw that the wood had happened. Here was the jolly—had been watching us since that first collision. She was tall and straight in her heavy turtle-necked sweater and salt-stained slacks, and the breeze made a golden fur of the short tresses of her hair—but I could see eyes at that distance that she was angry.

I squared off to meet Jerry's charge. By all reports he should come in swinging like a windmill. Wealthy playboys always behaved that way. I had been told, in arguments they could not slink out of. With justice and hard-living on my side, I had nothing to worry about.

He came in resolutely enough, but he

looked like a cat that had been clawed for a throat.

was grinning slightly, and his hands were up in a workmanlike southpaw stance. I noted for the first time that the shoulders under the soaked sports jacket were wide and capable, and that for all his lay ways he did not appear to have a spare ounce on him.

I swung for the jaw again, a jaw suitably celebrated—and was blocked by a forearm like an iron bar. Then we were together, rolling, fast gone as short-run jobs for the ribs and wind. I was within inches of that handsome face, still with its slight smile.

"The history of stage censorship goes back 800 years to the time when King Charles II granted letters patent to Thomas Killigrew and the William Davenant, making them the sole controllers of theatrical amusements in the metropolis, and thus, it was hoped, "ensuring against profanation and immorality" in the theatre. But thirty years later, these were the theatrical characteristics violently attacked by Jeremy Collier, in a book which had the lamentable result of driving William Congreve from dramatic authorship

"So glad you started this, Ron," he answered. "You've been so busy all up to now—and you know, you've had the leads running all the time. She wouldn't look at me—but she will now, after she saw that performance of yours, eh?"

"What?" I gaped stupidly.

Then something like a high-pressure stream on my ribs I went back, trying to block the blows. Something whistled up from breast-level and exploded in my right eye. The big fellow before me had sprouted a dozen steel-tipped arms and was smacking in with every one.

"Hold up, old man!" said Jerry conversationally, accepting a clench he didn't need. "I want this to look good. It's a little lesson in being able to finish what you start, eh? By the way she talked, that last wicked you—but your feet of clay are showing!"

I saw and after that forgetting what little I knew about the boxing game, I went after him. I had to pound that grinning, horse-face in a pulp. But it seemed to decay before me in a star-angled haze. What blows did do were loaded like leather pillows. The returns were slowly eating me to pieces.

"I'll get you, you—" I roared.

"Watch, Ronnie. There's a lady present," came a smacking voice from a great distance. "How will you have it—full-face or profile?"

I felt myself being reassured into position, and could do nothing about it. My eyes were all but closed, and that pounding had done things to my mind I was in the hands of a master—that was all. But the sickness inside me went deeper than that.

I was still standing on rubbery legs, still trying to land one worthwhile punch, when I realized badly that my target had gone. My victim seemed for a moment. Jerry Kane was strutting nonchalantly away, ducking dust off the knees of his pale-gray slacks—and he was going to meet Rose!

"Are you all right, Jerry?" she was saying. "I saw what happened—or I would never have believed it! What a fool I've been!"

"Quite all right, Rose." Jerry's off-hand tone was carefully calculated to achieve the best effect. "Bad show, really, but I had to defend myself, eh?"

"Of course I'll never forgive myself for thinking so much of Ron. I—I must have been blind—"

"That's all right, old girl. I was anxious how you feel. Let's just get on the way from him as possible—you and I, eh? Must have been a bad shock—"

Their voices died away. I sank wearily to a sofa. The bottom had fallen out of things. It had been a long time since I first realized that Rose could be the only one for me. We had been together for so long—at least as far as we could remember. And now it was finished. A playboy, with the unblushable combination of beauty, good looks—and a straight left. And I had to make a play like that!

Well, that's what a fellow got for leaving the field open. I cursed myself for not having told Rose how I felt about her when I had had to myself. But we'd been such mates I had rather counted on her knowing anyway, and realizing that I would ask her just as soon as I was in a position to make a serious proposition. It seemed safe enough then. I didn't know that Kane would come along with his engaging meanness and his snarl.

I raised my hand to wipe a trickle of blood from my face, and shrugged. What hurt me more than the stinging blows was my disappointment in Rose. Her exhibition for Kane had been gallant . . . and her observation about never forgiving herself for having thought so much of me . . .

"I should have mentioned he was useless, heavy-weight champion, at least," said a mild voice. "I was all he ever looked there—but I must say he's no slouch."

The face of Ed Treves, wrinkled and brown as a piece of old leather, peered down at me. With his one good hand he was making his usual neat job of packing and lighting his pipe. His blue eyes were kindly.

"I suppose you saw it too," I trembled through muted lips. "I suppose Rose was right, at that. You wouldn't think much of me as a con-

no-law after that exhibition, anyway."

He snuggled himself down beside me and pulled away for a while before replying. When at last he did so it was as if I had not spoken.

"I've known you almost as long as I've known Rose," he said, "and she's my daughter. You kids built yourselves together, and asked your first course of this beach. Later on it was your first dance, and then—it's been getting round to the time that for your own good you ought to be married."

"Then this fellow turns up, with all the money in the world, and a reputation with women that's interesting to say the least. Now my Rose has a lot of sense, and she's been keeping her at arm's length—but with you pulling a home-handed play like that things are apt to be different. I don't like it, Ron."

"No word I that—she never looked at me—"

"Here fool she," said Ed, as we rose together and headed toward the jury. "I've a feeling that little scene was staged. If you hadn't obviously tapped him on the chin, he would have forced the scene some other way. He's a showman, all right, and quite a psychologist."

"And I'm a damned fool," I added. "Gracious! But you were giving away about two stims—and you were still fighting back when he broke off. I wouldn't worry about taking a looking. There'll be other times!"

"Other times?" I couldn't conceal my bitterness. "That's hardly likely now. But—where do you think they've gone?"

The old man shook his head. "All I know is that he had a car here—that last red machine of his. He wanted her to go for a drive, but she had some sort of arrangement with you, didn't she? Asking, or something?"

"I nodded, and felt even worse as I remembered the day we had planned

**CAN'T YOU KEEP
ANYTHING SECRET?**

Happy little feller
Everybody knows
Speak and soon and sure
a man
From head to polished toe—
Now he holds his liquor
Through all the longest
drinks!
Maybe that is why you'll
see
He's mighty like a rose

for ourselves—a run out to the
beach in the sailing vessel the
three of us had made. A dainty craft,
she was, slim and speedy, but trickier
to manage than my trusty old dinghy
"Starlight."

Gloosely I sat down on the stowage
at the end of the jetty, and watched
Bill lay out his fishing gear. It was a
ritual with the old man now, and one
that he loved beyond all else. But
today he seemed uneasy, slow to settle
down. Every now and then he would
glance up at the sky, then squint
along the shoreline. After one of these
inspections he coughed, a throaty caw
at me.

"Well, that answers your question,"
he said. "She's a strong-willed lass,
and so watch the will—but she's
changed course!"

The tiny shape of a sailing vessel
moved out from behind the headland
where the boat-shed was. A tiny
ray of sunshine, striking from under
a low bank of cloud, touched with
brilliant gold the hair of the girl who

sat at the stern. Under her direction,
a man with patent-leather hair combed
the sheet in the same easy round.

She passed quite close to the end
of the jetty, and Ben sighed jealously
with a wave of his hand. Jerry re-
leased the sheet long enough to shake
heads with himself over his head like
a winning boxer. Quite a word, Jerry
knew. Then the vessel ran smoothly
down the bay.

It seemed to me that the sun had
disappeared for the day now, and
that the breeze was kinder. I was
surprised to see how quickly the
clouds vanished from sight in a low
haze that was hanging over the water.
Fervently I hoped for rain.

Bill's voice cut into my thoughts.
"Get your best out, Ben," he said
gently. "Take a cruise down to the
covehouse. Come on, shake it up!"

"I'm no rowberry!" I answered
stiffly. "And I've made enough of a
fool of myself today. Ben knows what
she wants!"

"Listen, lad!" There was an urgency
in Bill's voice. "I know the forecast
is for a fine day, but my bones tell
me there's dirty weather coming to
—cyclonic weather. I'd like you to be
close handy, in case there's trouble."

I laughed bitterly. "She sails that
meaner like a witch—and with that new
ice-boat we find she can lay the
course closer to the wind than 'Star-
light'!"

"But she hasn't shipped the lee-
board," said Bill. "I noticed as she
passed us. It's not there!"

I raced along the beach to the boat-
shed, leaving the old man on the jetty.
By the time I had slid "Starlight"
into the water the vessel had swept
right across the sky. Through north
and west the sun glowed with a pe-
culiar shade of copper. A flight of
gulls wheeled overhead, making for
the inland marshes.

"Starlight" isn't much more than a
sailing dinghy, but what there is of
her is good. Bill and Ben and I

worked her her one whole winter, and
we built into her something of the
best of all three of us, and of our
people who loved a hand-to-hand
battle the wild beauty of the bay.

Before I was fully clear of the
shore, the wind shifted again, blowing
fairly down the bay. I let out my
sheet and prayed for a turned head
to send "Starlight" wing and wheel
before it. Then the wind was a great
step behind me, making the weather
stay strong like a guitar string, and
I knew that even the sea I had could
be too much.

"Starlight" was truly determined now,
a vibrant, living thing riding the
power of the gale. Off to port the
rocky peninsula which branded the
bay was sliding past with amazing
speed. I peered ahead, but there was
no sign of the cove. A plume of steam
rushed out from the bow, and a great
noise blatted out by a gray haze of
spray and rain.

I took her as close to the penin-
sula, knowing that at its tip there
would be a lee. Before I had reached
it the rain was upon me, a wild,
bristling rain which beat upon my neck
and shoulders like hailshot and
stormed in wind-blown sheets from
the dreamest surface of the sea. I
could see fifty yards, no more, so that
the first warning I had that we had
reached the entrance was when a
half-dozen of rock whapped past the
port bow.

I put my helm over, and felt the
wind die as we ran under the shelter
of the headland. Eagerly I scouted
the way over now swimming
and buoy with rain. The cove had to be
there! Ten minutes covered me as that
old tale had foiled. Back at
length I heeled up the centre-board
and let "Starlight" drift in until she
grounded in the shallows.

Then someone called my name. A
toddler, dripping figure in the rem-
nants of what had once been a smart
pair of redsided slacks staggered down

the beach. It took me a moment or
two before I recognized that shivering
wreck, with the long black hair
plastered across his face, as the once-
unmistakable Jerry.

"Thank God you've come!" he
cried. "We were right in the en-
trance when the storm hit us. We—"

"Where's Ben?" I demanded.

"We—was getting down out
Puddle as we would, we couldn't hold
the course straight. Under the sail
she just started sideways. We were out
there—not more than a hundred yards
from shelter—and couldn't make it!"

"Look—your canoe—where's Ben?"

"She—she ordered me to jump over-
board and swim ashore. I didn't see
her after that. I thought she was fol-
lowing, honest. I did. She—she must
be still out there."

I looked at him, and at the howling
hullion outside the cove. At that time
I felt neither anger nor contempt for
him, only pity for his weakness and
a growing disgust at myself for allow-
ing him to come within a yard of
Ben.

"Whenever she is now, as the sea or
under it you should be with her," I
said. "Get aboard!"

"But—but you're not going out in
that. You're mad!"

"Get aboard!"

He straggled there on the beach,
Shook and (frown) had as much
he wrote that he made no attempt to
cover up when I came at him. My
first blow split his lip, my second
scattered him full length and blubber-
ing on the sand. After a minute or
so he scrambled to his feet and hunched
aboard "Starlight." I followed him,
feeling more than ever disgusted with
myself.

I reeled her down before we left
the cove. With that and the extra
weight aboard I figured we had a
chance. I was counting on the pos-
sibility that Ben, without a sea-sickness
and unable to make headway, had de-
cided to run before the wind in my

mind's eye I had a clear snap of the coastline, including the lost shores. I knew exactly where I wanted to go, but had no great opinion of my chances of getting there. The question was, would Bea, confronted by the same conditions, make the same decision?

We were scarcely close of the reefs before the wind was on us again with a massive whump of air. "Starlight" gave one convulsive heave that sent Jerry clanking for a throat, and then she was off again, sliding her balance like the thoughtless the way. The last vague shape of land faded out of sight astern and the grey curtain of the storm fell all around us.

I expected trouble with Jerry as the effects of my blows wore off, but none overtaken. A fresh misery crept into her aching body. Without releasing her hold on the throat, she leaned overboard—and I observed without malice that her judgment even here was faulty. Sea sickness in a small boat is the most violent kind, and if Jerry thought himself in the hands

of a medicine boat on taking him far out to sea he was probably praying that I should sink as both as quickly as possible.

I brought "Starlight" round a little, so that we were running with the wind shaft the beam. If my calculations were correct, and the wind had not shifted more than a few points, we should be roughly on target. If not—we had the wide sea before us, and nothing in our path.

We were well out now, and the swells were looming up astern before they swung under us with a dashing motion. The wind ripped the crests from there, and the spray swept over us in stinging clouds. The minutes dragged by to the tune of the sleeping nettles of our passage, the roar of rain, and the muttering of the wind. I began to think the last chance had failed me.

Then it seemed that the rain slackened. I saw the beam of land—a high rock, nothing more, and a moment later I heard the thunder of surf. The rock—that was the tallest of the Reelies, standing in their half-

moon of reefs—and behind their massive shapes anything from a liner to a canoe could find shelter!

I brought "Starlight" round carefully, easing along to where a small sandy beach nestled between two horn'd-tooth peninsulas. Then I heaved slowly astwards in a heart-felt sigh of relief. The long slim hull of the canoe was drawn high up under the rocks, and beside it a golden-haired girl was staring uncomprehendingly.

I heaved "Starlight" carefully, and jumped ashore with the kilick. The business of making fast occupied all my attention, but I knew the moment she was beside me.

"Bea! You came! I knew you would!"

Still I could not look at her. I turned towards the boat, and nodded as a groaning, staggering figure splashed ashore and collapsed on the sand.

"I brought your boy-friend," was all I could think to say. "He's a bit sheep-soled—but you started this trip together I thought you'd like to finish it."

Then she was laughing—the sort of

laughter Bea has, that comes from deep down inside her. Her hair was wet and grimed with salt, but it still had the gleam of treasure in it.

"No, Bea! No!" she panted. "Why else did I leave the lee-board behind? And do you believe I couldn't have reached the shore with Jerry—if I'd wanted to?" That was all over when he took my arm and shouldered ship. You wouldn't take an oar from me, would you, Bea? Not me like that?"

It was some time afterwards that we noticed the rain had stopped. There was still a stiff breeze, but the storm had passed as quickly as it had arisen. Best gently disengaged himself from my arm.

"Let's take 'Starlight' now and run in to Fraser Beach," she said. "We've a lot of planning to do."

"That's an order I'll take," I replied. "But what about—that?" I pointed to where Jerry lay huddled namelessly against a rock.

"I think he'll like it better here until we send a launch out," she roused. "He's still shaking something he started."



Land clearance



When you first set eyes on your "dream lot" amidst the happy burblings of the little women about the "picturesque grandeur of nature in the raw" etc., etc., you cannot help recalling that old Army phrase "Terrain, nipped."

Comes the time for practical action in the business of clearing. Upon lifting a hollow log, you discover that you have disturbed the domicile of about two hundred generations of red-backed sardines.



After spending about two hours of sweat and blood trying to cut down a lever tree, you have joined your wife, and made an enemy for life of the bloke whose property the tree was on, he being a tree lover.



At least you have a few roots and stumps that you can call your own, and with the aid of a block and tackle and the car you proceed to do a spot of root grubbing. During which time you discover that this method is excellent for removing bumper bars but a complete wash-out when it comes to stumps.



Lunch time, and the great help has not only used all the matches to light the fire, she has also smoked herself into a vague resemblance of a Scotch herring, burnt the spuds and sausages, and knicked over the bill of tea, which has put the fire out.



And then, after pottyting herself up in the car, she finds the estate agent's ground plan and cheerfully points out that you are still on the wrong block, anyway!



Passing Sentences

When we think we lead we must are led

Doctors always look good until the last ten minutes

Children are natural mimics. They act like their parents—in spite of every attempt to teach them good manners

Love is a giant, marriage a beguile, and divorce an impost

An essayist declares that there is a new world just beyond the horizon. Poets make claim that it is already within.

Failure is the path of least penetration

To err is human, but it feels divine

Situation wanted ad in the New York Times: "Houseworker, plus creek, reliable"

Some people speak from experience. Others—from experience—don't speak

You won't find many success rules that'll work unless you do

Go as far as you can see, and when you get there you will be able to see further

A smile is a light in the window of the face which shows that the heart is at home

All the world's a stage. Smile, please!

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great man's great bribe

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in future as, unfettered as their private past, like a clock during a thunderstorm

Humorists is divided into two classes: those in the swim and those in the soap

Nicely all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power.



"I still think it's a typographical error."



Ladies of the press

For too many years, movies, radio and the stage have extolled the virtues of the gentleman of the press. All of which seems to have placed in the shade the job system and feature writers who toil and spin their yarns.

To correct this inequality, a group of ladies from the East Coast Theatre-Restaurant in Hollywood took over the Hollywood Citizen-News for a day in order to put the newsboys in their place. . . .

You don't believe it? We have

only the pictures for proof, but certainly Ella Krupp and Catherine Ford give a convincing show as competitors. Making final changes in the type on the page form can be a harrowing business. . . . But do they look harassed? . . . Looks as if this is just another instance of the gals showing how.

And Lily Miller Beverly O'Brien, above, looks as fresh as the presidential deer as she plans assignments with Edie Ann Stuart (with comets) and Ann Nelson.



Location — wire room — as if you didn't know! Log at the city desk, despite two telephones and a troublesome newsroom staff. . . . Beverly cuts in some time on the Baker tape with Ann. She's hoping for sensation . . . an opportunity to show the boys what she can really do when put to the test! The boys don't care much about the test — this editor would do them fine!

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



MANY cases of angina pectoris (heart pain) are not caused by heart disease but result from eating too much food, especially fat foods—butter, cream, fat meats. Sometimes difficulty to breathe looks such as what colds and coughs cause angina pectoris. An overeating puts extra strain on the heart, just as does physical work, and meals may prevent attacks.

PNEUMONIA is one of the commonest of acute diseases. It occurs in all climates, particularly in late winter and early spring and attacks victims of all ages—most often between the ages of 1 and 18, 30 and 40, and after 60, when it is most likely to prove fatal in the aged. It may be brought on following a cold, or influenza, and because of fatigue, overwork, exposure to cold and sudden chills.

WHEN there is pain at the inner side of the knee, not due to direct injury, it is because the weight of the body is not distributed properly. In many cases this is because of flat feet, which cause feet to turn outward and hang the weight of the body down to the inner side of knee. By lifting up the arch or instep or, in extreme cases, by wearing an arch support, the pain disappears.

WITH an attack of biliousness there is a feeling of mental depression, dizziness, headache, nausea or vomiting,

loss of appetite or actual repulsion of food, spots before the eyes, a feeling of tiredness and no desire to do any mental or physical work. The cure lies in doing without any food for 24 to 48 hours. Sugar and water or orange juice or other fruit juices may be taken, followed a few hours later by a dose of Epsom salts. Few small meals instead of three large ones may prevent an attack.

WHILE the cause of cancer remains unknown, a few facts that can save lives are known. 1 Cancer can be completely removed if treated early. 2 The known methods of curing early cancer are surgery, X-ray, and radium. 3 Cancer may begin and continue with little or no pain. 4 Early symptoms of cancer resemble symptoms of other ailments. 5 Cancer is so common after 40 to 50 years of age that anyone may get it. 6 Trying to "hold" cancer means death.

IT is natural for an individual who is accustomed to eat to use coarse foods to "train" the lining of the large bowel, to make it push wastes downward and out of the body. However, in thin nervous individuals, nervousness causes spasms of the bowel which prevents wastes from moving. Coarse foods only increase this spasm by irritating the lining of the bowel. Nervous constipation requires soft, not coarse, foods to correct it.

HINDING THE OCCULT



The declaration of war in 1919 was an event which few spiritualists forecast. Some however sang the bell, and left in still gaudier. Is it fate or phancy?

THERE was nothing remarkable in the fact that Countess Blanche de Beck died on 26th June, 1919—except that 26 years ago she warned that day as the one on which she would never recede her. The fulfilment of the prediction claimed a career that brought the Countess the reputation of being one of the world's greatest seers.

De Beck (orthodox name, Mademoiselle de Beck) is reported to have told Archibute Perthuis in 1899 that he would be assassinated four years later, and that his death would mark the end of the conflict now known as the First World War. Never a cheerful clairvoyant, she is said also to have warned Cae

Nicholas of Russia that he and his family would meet with sudden death, to have predicted the rise of Hitler who, she added, would inspire another world war, and to have forecast the downfall of Mussolini.

Her predictions, however, did not do with the Countess, for before she died she foresaw perils years ahead. The years 1920, 1921, and 1922 would bring the world within a hair's breadth of war but with a sudden burst of optimism she added that 1923 would see a lasting and unwarped peace.

And having bequeathed this happy prediction to the universe she added haste to her infallibility by passing

away on the very date she had forecast.

Countess de Beck's belief that war would come in 1919 was not shared by the majority of the world's eminent clairvoyants. In fact, one of Sweden's best known spiritualistic journals, *Licht*, published an article which declared:

"There will be many heart-searchings amongst spiritualists as the bell-rings of the prophecies that there would be no war. The uncertainty of the controls has been such that one felt one would be responsible. With a few exceptions we were assured that there would be no war."

"I have heard some say 'I was wrong, I will never believe in spiritualism again.' This is an entirely illogical attitude. We do not condemn the science of psychism because a mathematician makes a mistake. We allow for the possibility of error."

The article was published a week after the declaration of war. The members of the world had "fagged" on the topic of the century. And the fallibility of clairvoyance was again the subject of argument.

There was nothing new about that, for almost five hundred years ago the lost apartment of London's citizens was discussing the remarkable activities of Dr John Dee. The good doctor, it seemed, possessed a "time brought to him by an angel" in which he observed a little girl of eight or nine years, with whom he was subsequently to have many a conversation.

The friendship between Dr. Dee and the spiritualist seeress lasted seven years, during which time the child grew up like any ordinary mortal. Her last appearance was made when she was about 16 years of age, and was notable for the fact that she made her entrance in a state of intoxication.

In his account of his experiences, *A True and Faithful Relation of what passed Between Dr. John Dee and*

Some Spirits, the doctor expressed great shock at the vision. And so, too, the girl had ordered Dee and his assistant, Kelley, to share their vision in common—a command against which both protested and which eventually led to the breaking up of their partnership.

It is not accidental to the story—for many great men and women stand having sought the assistance of clairvoyants—to add that Dee had the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, who gave him considerable financial support.

Two hundred years after Dee, a young Austrian medical student told the flame of spiritualistic argument by writing a thesis titled *Influence of the Planets on the Human Body*, in which he contended that there was a mutual influence between celestial bodies, the earth, and animated bodies.

In 1874, the faculty of the Royal Medical Society of Paris investigated and reported Meunier's dream, saying that his career was due to accident or coincidence, and that his technique should be suppressed.

Thus challenged, Meunier built a contraption consisting of a circular tub, iron rods and bottles, around which a number of people sat holding hands.

The seance began. Within a few minutes, the sitters became hysterical—some screamed and others collapsed, while another was able to walk about and "magistrate" people merely by touching them. When the effects were off, the men could remember nothing. In short, he had been mesmerized.

Meunier continued his spiritualistic way untroubled by official criticism, and in 1896 a Commission reviewed the Medical Society's judgment and found that the phenomena produced were genuine.

The cult, moreover, had spread. In the early 1900's, America with some pride discovered Margaret and Katie Fox, aged 15 and 12 respectively. Happily-born in a thatched cottage in

the village of Arudy, the children were awakened one night by a series of strange whispers. Their father, also hearing the sounds, hurried to the bedroom where Kate was sitting up an overwakened expectancy.

Then the child startled him by looking afterwords and saying "Why, it's Mr. Splitfoot."

She was answered by Madame that suggested that Mr. Splitfoot was eager to make friends (though honest even, and an established contact with the spirit, which answered with knocks for an affirmative reply and remained silent to negative a question. By these means it was learnt that a former tenant had been murdered in the house.

Arudy became the Mecca of spiritualists enthusiastic Ernest withstanding found no answer to the phenomenon. Kate and Margaret remained unswayed by the strange occurrences, even though they found the country giving psychic performances. Mr. Splitfoot throughout was completely co-operative, always ready to answer any question asked by Kate and Margaret—never by word of mouth, however, but with authoritative tap-pings.

The girl's spiritualistic tests remained unexplainable for years—until that day long afterwards when Kate confessed that she had believed the "contact" with their medium by crawling like knee and the pseudo-little trick which she shared with her sister and had honestly cultivated.

Some time later, however, Kate confessed the trick by saying that the exposure had been made under stress.

"It went to God," she said, "I could undo the rapture I did in the case of spiritualism, when under the strong psychological influence of persons assumed to it I gave credence to utterances that had no foundation on fact."

Cause the Dovesparts with their water-hall set in which they allowed themselves to be bound, and placed in a large cabinet whence they created

contact with spirits—many spirits whose hands, thrust through the windows of the cabinet, played waltz music and fired pistol shots.

Exposed as mere spell-binders and showmen, one of the brothers, Mrs. said: "We never in public affirmed our belief in spiritualism. That we recognized as no business of the public, nor did we offer our entertainment as the result of slight of hand. We let our friends and foes write the matter as best as they could between themselves."

Perhaps the most famous "fortune teller" of this century was Louis Henson, known as "Chloe." Believing that the soul is its prison, house a constantly trying to weed out messages through the lens of custom, conventionality and hypocrisy. One word is Chloe's own, he was adverse to kinks and prices.

"Such messages may only be received by those who have ears to hear and eyes to see," wrote Henson, "but it does not make them any less real because the great crowd of human beings have heard nothing but their own cries."

When Henson died in America in 1896 he exerted a death-bed promise from his wife to bury his ashes with her own and those of his kindred occult spirit, who was his stepson, John Hardland. The widow travelled the world carrying a metal casket until 1945 when she sent the casket to be interred in her son's grave in England.

Henson's death, it is said, was marked by three strange happenings: a clock struck one three times, the house was filled with an overpowering fragrance of flowers, although there were no flowers in the house, and the stairs creaked heavily though no one walked them.

Madam, the great magician, always fiercely expressed his skepticism of spiritualism. His earliest experience with the occult possibly contributed

to his disbelief. Then, he asked a medium to bring back his father, the medium went into a deep trance and spoke deeply:

"Ah, this is your dear father. My son, it pleases me to know you have been successful. I have been watching you conquer with the greatest of interest and pride."

"Hello, pop? When did you learn to speak English?"

Dr. Weiss, Madame's father, had been an Austrian who had never mastered the English language, but

the medium immediately explained that the doctor had learnt the language in the other world.

"Then," said Madame, "tell him I would rather he spoke to me in Hebrew."

The seance then broke up.

Whether spiritualism is founded on fact or faking is an argument that will continue probably till the end of time. But we like to think that the lost prophesy of Countess Henson de Beck will turn out right. Henson's? That 1896 will see a lasting peace.

BUSY LINE

By GRAYTON WILLIAMS



The kiss that is death

The Indian gentleman does not expect his lady to go through the acroto-toxin test (he may be a poison drencher, but he just wonders . . . and wonders)



JACK PEARSON

ON the slopes of the Himalayas there grows a shrub so deadly that even the sheep are often poisoned before they are let out of the fold.

Botanical text-books describe its venom under the unromantic name of "Nipal acrotoxin" or refer to it sardonically as "A squamous" European recognizes it as "morko" head. The hill-men call it "bish" or "bish".

Sometimes it is called as a poison on arrow-heads and the Gurkhas have found it an ever-present help in repelling enemy attacks. Whole tribes have been rooted with its aid and, when the first British troops entered Nepal, they had to fight their way forward past wells poisoned by crushed acroto.

An old Hindu writer describes its effects, the poison gives rise to "swellings in those parts of the bodies of man, bullocks, horses, asses, camels and elephants that may chance to come in contact with it. Frogs and fish die without any apparent cause. Birds and beasts roam wildly in confusion. Men feel a burning sensation in the affected parts and the hair and nails fall off. The end comes with lassitude, fainting, vomiting, diarrhoea and death."

Remedies include the boiling of dogpaw "steamed with equal parts of alum, mercury, Gopu (iron) and a paste made from the bile of a brown cow."

If this fails, the poison may be

purified by sprinkling with it "a solution of acroto drugs dissolved in wine or black clay mixed with water."

Understandably perhaps, the possibility of having absorbed it was regarded with some dismay.

But its chief horrors were still more devastatingly insidious. Even in his low-life, the Indian seems could never be sure that he was not being subjected to its perils. And this lent a grim air of menace to one of the major preoccupations of Indian poeth.

The Indian approach to sex is, to say the least, relaxed. Whatever may happen behind the scenes, public decency is definitely lost.

Two men may wander hand in hand unheeded about the highways but there was once a riot in an Indian theatre house, after about twenty-five minutes of idle pursuit around a garden, the hero eventually cornered the heroine and awarded her with a classic peek on the cheek.

The Indian women is kept in a continual agony of terrifying suspense, he can never leave any how convinced completely assured that he has not absorbed from her embrace the seeds of his certain doom and is carrying away within his own person a lethal dose of acroto.

In other words, he never knows which—if any—of the ladies of his acquaintance happens to be one of the most subtle means of acroto-poisoning—a "Poison-drencher."

These "Poison-drenchers" occupy a prominent place in Indian tradition—and their attractive exterior is apt to prove disarmingly deceptive.

To all accounts, the "Poison-drencher" is a woman who has been reared on a diet of acroto. Every day, from her earliest childhood, she has been made to eat a little of the unappetizing fodder and the habit apparently grows on her. Beginning with small doses, she continues until she is so filled with poison that "if a fly touches her

as soon as it reaches her flesh, it forthwith swells up and dies."

The same fate awaits her lover. She is equally dangerous if she happens to kiss him, breathe on him, has him or purges on him.

The prospective victim of her charms has two choices. Either he shows her the door or he makes her well and throws discretion to the winds.

Indian history is studded with accounts of reckless characters who decided to be indiscreet—with the expected results.

There are some few others who resisted temptation and survived to bore their contemporaries with the tale of their narrow escape. Outstanding amongst these was Alexander the Great— Iskander, as the Indians call him.

It seems that Alexander had just crossed the Indian frontier. He arrived was welcomed by the rajah of the central Indian province with evident disfavour and the greatest magnificence.

Though drenched to meet Alexander in battle, the rajah decided that something must be done to check his advance. He was reckless but brave when suddenly he remembered that, somewhere about his court, was a "Poison-drencher," who was also "one of the most beautiful creatures in the world, with a face like an angel."

He offered the girl to Alexander who "at once fell in love with her" and "ordered her to be led to the bed-chamber."

Luckily for Alexander, he was accompanied by a confirmed misogynist by name of Aristotle.

Aristotle "saw the beauty of the maiden, her glittering face and her look" and remarked enthusiastically to Alexander: "I recognise in this creature the bearing of a snake."

When Alexander "was loath to believe him," Aristotle insisted: "Her first nourishment was poison and wherever comes in contact with her will also be poisoned."

Alexander, being still doubtful, Aristotle produced a basket of fresh scorpions to be ground in a mortar. He placed the snake in a jar and drew a circle of scorpion-juice around the container. The snake crawled from the jar, wiped its taint on this circle of poison, and immediately writhed back to its refuge where it writhed as its death throes.

Hovag gave his example. Aristotle proceeded to prove his point. He aspersed three girls—one of them, the "Poison-dancer!" He then told Alexander to draw a circle of scorpion-juice around them and call them to him.

"Two of the maidens ran to Alexander, but the third—the Poison-dancer!—remained within the circle, looking in vain for an outlet. She began to shake, her hair stood on end, and she died suddenly like the snake."

To the modern mind this story doesn't even make sense.

But the story figured on it lives in India even today. And, since Indians men about town cannot be successfully drawing circles of scorpion-juice about the ladies of their choice, they must be content to wonder—and to wringe.

Just how much reason they have for their perturbation is another matter.

So far as the "Poison-dancer!" of tradition is concerned, the answer is certainly "none whatever."

But, as another says, the "Poison-dancer!"—like most Indian legends—has a solid basis of fact. There are in India many young women, almost as potentially dangerous as the "Poison-dancer!" was ever reputed to be and with whom it is almost as lethal to come into too close contact. It is from them that the idea of the original "Poison-dancer!" must have arisen.

The poison-breath, for example, could have its source in the rules attending the Indian custom of chewing of betel-nut. Although betel-nut is not itself poisonous, modern Oriental

men have a nasty habit of occasionally trying to poison their victims with a chew of betel. The poison they use ranges from "the bite of a green tree-snake mixed with that of the green water-frog and the purple crow" to white arsenic sprinkled on the kago which is added to the betel-chew. But, most common of all, is scorpions which cannot be detected unless the betel-leaf is carefully wiped.

As Indian lovers often exchange a chew of betel as an aphrodisiac, it is easy to see how any enterprising lover could in this manner rid himself of an unrequited suitor.

And when it is remembered that the getting of betel-juice into a person's face is an Indian way of offering a gross insult, the resemblance becomes even clearer.

The poison-bite, too, has its explanation in the love-lane of the East, the notorious bite—probably drawing blood—as an honored part of the woman's technique. In a country where deaths by snake-bite are a commonplace (more than 15,000 people in India die each year of snake-bite), the transference of that to a woman, the transference of that to a woman, a female woman mingled with a cobra or a krait would have perfectly unlimited possibilities.

The same applies to the deadly perspiration. Indian snake-charmers envenomate themselves with increasing doses of venom until they are immune from the bite of the snake they ordinarily employ.

Any snake-maidens would be more than likely to take similar precautions.

But, most of all, venereal disease may lie at the root of the legend.

It is often argued that venereal disease originated in America. Yet there is another school of thought which argues that primitive American civilization itself derived from Asia. And the fact remains that the Aids of today is riddled with V.D.



"4 Days? Oh, how I enjoy poor Will Power!"



THE CORNER BLOCK

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 58)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.I.A.

The plan suggested by CAVALCADE for this month is one that is suitable for a corner lot, or equally at home on an ordinary inside block.

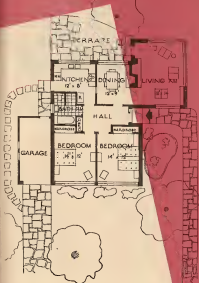
Its area is small, a condition forced on us by current regulations, but the layout is such that the minimum of space is occupied by the central hall. The bedrooms are placed side by side, with one end of each room given over entirely to windows. Each bedroom has a built-in wardrobe.

The living and dining rooms open into each other, so that the maximum of entertainment space is available.

An unusual but useful feature is a double fireplace which forms a division between these two rooms.

A garage is attached to the building, and has a rear door within a few feet of the kitchen entrance.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 53 ft. and the area, excluding the garage, is 1,200 square feet.





They steamed off the MAP

These ships were given up for lost; but they came back, and what was mystery became dramatic fact

SINCE the first marine headed dutifully offshore in the first decade a controversy has been waged between man and the sea, so far it has been a strictly no-decision bout, for even with the Twentieth Century aids of radio, sonar, radar and echo-sound-out anyone embarking on the sea can never state he sure of reaching his destination.

Warlike vessels travel at the speed of light, but even so there are many instances where they have not been quick enough to avert tragedy or even hear tidings of disaster. Marine architects are possibly the world's most skilful technicians, but they have not dared to call a ship unfindable since they applied that adjective to the Titanic—and you'll remember what happened to her.

Probably the greatest setback Old

Max Neptune ever received was the introduction of wireless—but he went right on averaging. When the *Senkory*, a seven-thousand-ton modified Liberty ship, headed out across the Atlantic just a few months ago she was equipped with every known aid to navigation. Where was her wireless when she disappeared? The facts are that she was lost without trace, and that a marine court of inquiry could find no reason for her foundering.

There were rumors at the time that that class of ship was structurally weak, that she might have shifted ballast or broken in two. Such rumors were scotched by the appearance of an exactly similar sister-ship. This vessel went where, ran high and dry, was wrecked for some days by Pacific rollers, was towed off again, beached drift in a harbor, was tossed up on

the rocks again—and sustained as little damage that she is now back in service. Such behaviour does not suggest weakness.

There will always be sea mysteries, but the use of wireless has put their numbers down. Without its aid nobody would ever have known the fate of the *Tibet* as she lay helpless with a broken bulbhead and a hole in her side. Wireless meant that when the *Tibet* took her final plunge all her passengers and crew were able to switch her from the safety of the deck at a rescuing ship.

Before the days of wireless any ship which passed out of sight of land was bound for the unknown. Unless advised by another vessel she was "out of this world" until she reached her destination. With sailing ships, which somehow nobody ever associates with wireless, this seems reasonable enough, but imagine great Atlantic liners and fast Australia-bound cargo and passenger steamers as blindfold. And yet it was well into the Twentieth Century before the genius of Marconi brought this old measure of security to the world's merchant services.

Nevertheless when a ship has an engine failure she calls for help, and it takes in tow within a couple of days. Forty years ago she would just have to drift helplessly until some other vessel stumbled across her. There are many cases in which ships as disabled eventually were towed into port land after the underwriters had given them up for lost.

Perhaps the most famous of these was in the New Zealand Shipping Company's *Walrus*, a well-famed cargo-steamer of nearly 4,000 tons gross, which left London for New Zealand on May 4, 1898, and steamed completely off the map. Various reports about her being sighted in distress drifted through from time to time, but it appeared certain that she had gone down with all hands. Then, five months later, she was towed into

Freemantle by a battered little tramp half her size! Another sea mystery had been solved.

What had happened was this. About two o'clock on the morning of June 4, 1898, when she was about 180 miles south of Cape Arica, all hands were roused by a terrific vibration. The main shaft had parted inside the stern gland in a position in which it could not be repaired while the ship floated. For 53 days the crippled steamer drifted, in fair weather and foul, without anything to eat or sail.

Captain Weston tried everything he could think of to get some way on her. In these days steamers earned yards, many as a gesture than anything else, so he ordered sails to be set. He soon found, however, that even under the most favorable conditions they could do little more than give her stern-ways. More often than not they ended her in lee drift, but at least they could be seen from a great distance.

Then, on July 25, the Argentine *Tesoro* gave in aid. She gently put a line aboard and set all sail in a futile attempt to move the unready bulk of the steamer. Even though it was light weather at the time, she was driven bodily backwards towards the *Walrus* and crashed heavily into the steamer. Little damage was done, but the Argentine's skipper realized that he had too big a fish. Happily he cut himself drift and waved goodbye to his last salvage prize.

But the *Walrus* was still in the main track of shipping bound between London and Australia and New Zealand. Only five days slipped before the Danish ship *Aalborg*, Lyttelton bound, appeared on the scene. By this time provisions were running low, but all the Danes could offer was ship's biscuits, which was not over by boat.

The frustrated crew of the *Walrus* then reworked the cargo in order that the edible part of it might be brunched if necessary. All that could be found, however, was canned her-

In certain remote Alpine regions of Switzerland they keep cheese for a lifetime. On the day a child is born, the Swiss make a cheese enriched with the infant's name and the date, and it is served thereafter only on special occasions—such as the child's christening, his or her engagement and wedding.

A portion of this cheese is carefully kept until its owner dies, and then, at the funeral, the guests receive another piece.

ruins, surfaces and cheese—a dust of which the men were to get heartily sick in the next two months.

Then hope sprung up again. Steamer schedules were fairly reliable in those days, and it was known that the company's much loved *Bushane* would pass on the way to London on the evening of August 15. Swift use of sails and sea-anchor brought the *Wakato* 100 miles due east in the course of a week. After that, there was nothing to do but wait. Then *El-furage* struck again. A thick blanket of fog came up on August 15, blotting out all sight of the *Bushane*. By morning, when the fog lifted, that chance was gone.

Captain Weston shrugged resignedly and put her before the wind. Better he go out somewhere than wallowing in the trough—and at least she felt alive when under sail. They ran that way in fair weather and foul for a week, when a sudden gale ripped from the horizon every bit of canvas but the forestay. Spars were damaged and the whole crew was turned to ice and rubble with pain and death. Soon all sails were set again, and the couple staggered on.

But now her luck was changing. The ship *Bushane* was spoken, and carried the news of the fight on to *Bushane*. On September 3 the barque *Aliso*, outward bound and well provisioned, made a merciful gift of two barrels of beef, three of flour, and five spare sails. And then, on September 15, she sighted her first steamer in all that time—the *Aliso*.

In 30 days of sail-aided drift the *Wakato* had come so far east that she was now nearer Australia than the Cape. She had covered 4,000 nautical miles, during which she had crossed her own track seven times. Captain Weston, though he had begun to feel uncommonly like the Flying Dutchman, had been determined to tell her all the way in *Pennac* if necessary—but here was steam power and salvation. Captain Barrett, of the *Aliso*, a chunky stout-built freighter of 235 tons, was only half the *Wakato*'s size. The course lay over almost un-frequented waters where at any step, by sheer strain on her canvas or a twist of the lumpy round her sturdier nose, the steamer could be placed in the same plight as the *Wakato*. And *Pennac* was over 250 miles away.

The battle was on from the start of that *Nitrate* tow. On September 18 the line parted in heavy weather, and was replaced only after a series of hairbreadth escapes and delicate maneuvering. Then the *Aliso* ran short of coal, and for a day they hung in the perilous lee of Amsterdam Island while 110 tons of the cripple's coal was transferred to the steamer's bunkers by ship's boat.

On September 25 the line parted again, and the *Wakato* rolled and wallowed off into the storm-swept track with green water howling over her. Her crew saw the *Aliso* lying like a half-life rock at the mercy of

the storm, and then the little freighter disappeared. The *Wakato*'s men fought all night to get her hove to, losing all the time that the *Aliso* was lost.

All next day they watched for her in vain. Then, just on dusk, the patient little maroon-hued steamer came sight again. Her decks being empty, her ventilators were bent and twisted, and her funnel swung crazily in its stays to every roll, but the hearts of her captain and crew were unquarred. Gladly she veered alongside and took up the tow again.

She staggered onwards at a steady four knots, day in and day out, until at last the ordered coast. The *Bushane* steamer *Ugna* brought news of the tow to Melbourne on October 3. Two days later the ships were sighted off Rottnest Island. The Government tug *Peterson* met them as the line parted for the last time, and brought the *Wakato* to a safe anchorage. After five months of drifting, sailing and being dragged, every man of the *Wakato*'s company was in good health.

Nature played many a trick on the lonely *Atlantic* liner in the days before wireless. From the early days, when the crack liner *President*, fourth steamer to cross the *Atlantic*, disappeared without trace, mystery surrounded the fate of many fine ships. Then, in 1893, the mystery was solved.

The *Arctura*, fastest ship on the *Atlantic* run, became overdue. As she embodied everything of the latest in marine equipment, her disappearance caused consternation in shipping circles. What was that unseen menace? The *Arctura* herself brought the answer when she drifted into St. John days later with her bows crumpled like tin foil. She had hit an iceberg head-on at full speed, and had lived to tell the tale. Twenty-five years later the wanted *Titanic*, the "unsinkable" ship, was not so lucky.

But in the *Atlantic*, competitively

clashed with shipping, a ship could be lost for weeks at a time. At about the same time as the *Wakato* was making her century drift, the *Cassander* *Pennac* dropped her propeller in mid-*Atlantic*. With insufficient canvas to hold otherwise, she drifted out of the shipping lanes and lay in the trough of the sea, receiving a terrible battering from the *Atlantic* rollers. Time and again her boilers and heavy machinery threatened to tear loose and crash out through her side.

In the end a useless tramp found her, clung to her like a terrier until the height of another storm, and then lost her in the night. The tramp steamer could hardly credit that any ship could ride out such a tempest without engines, but when the storm abated he found the *Cassander*, surely battered but still afloat. He brought her in at last to claim his salvage, and no man could say he hadn't earned it.

After the *Pennac* accident, marine architects realized the uselessness of sails on ships of her size. They evolved instead the twin-masted beam, really big fellows of over 10,000 tons—and then set back with the same amazement that what had happened to the *Pennac* could never happen again.

Within two years the *City of Paris*, twin-masted pride of the *Lessee* Line, was wallowing helplessly off Quaker-town with a broken shaft, a hole in her side, and both engine-rooms flooded. A flying ship, tearing through the side, had done all the damage. Fortunately the weather was fine, and the liner's own boats took the crew into Quaker-town, so that salvage was simple enough.

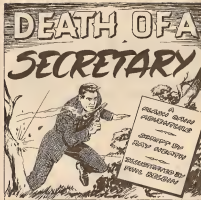
Once again, as so many times before and as many to come, the marine architects ate their words and fell to plugging again. This time they would beat Old Man Neptune once and for all. They are plugging again today after the loss of the *Seneca*, but the betting is that Neptune still holds a trick or two.

Policy Point



I think my luck has changed—
 Something's arranged.
 By kindly fate to improve
 The groove
 In which my lot is cast,
 And post
 The childish age of optimism,
 Here at last
 I seem
 To dream
 That smiling fate approve
 All—well, almost all—I do
 Have times have changed!
 Even the fractions wile
 And female curls
 Of that sweet,
 Meat
 Curried creature I adore
 So frown-lessly, blessed anagram,
 So coy, so changeable, so damned enigmatic—
 Now she has altered—
 Never once before
 Has her voice faltered when some small thing
 riles,
 Yet now she's reasonable, and likes to please!
 She doesn't prize too far her plums skilful,
 She snuggles close,
 Says things jocular,
 And will remember
 To my needs small and great—
 The change is smother!
 Was I all wrong, then
 When
 I thought her with?
 Were all her intentions only meant to tease?
 So silent, I think—she riles herself away!
 "Christmas," she says, "is 35 days away!"

—Mark MacLeod.



PROMISING YOUNG CONSTABLE PLANNAGAN RECOGNISES THE NUMBERS ARE OF A WANTED CASE AND GIVES CHASE



THE COPS EVEN INTRUDE ON A QUIET NIGHT OUT



NOTHING WILL CONVINCE FLANAGAN THAT FLUSH CAIN SHOULDN'T COME BACK WITH HIM. SO CAIN GOES.....



YOU TELL YOUR STORY TO THE SERGEANT!



NICE OF YOU TO SHOW ME THE CRIME I'M IMPLICATED IN!



AS THE SHOTS WERE HEARD AND THE CAR SEEN, IT WASN'T CAREFULLY PLANNED



INSPECTOR BRENT SHAKES HANDS WARMLY WITH CAIN. HE IS SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT CAIN IS THE OWNER OF A WANTED CAR.



THE CAR 1934-B4 WAS SEEN DRIVING AWAY FROM LOCION PLATE JUST AFTER THE SHOTS WERE FIRED ---- YOUR CAR, CAIN!



THAT'S WENDY MORLEY ---- I USED TO KNOW HER WHEN SHE DANCED IN NIGHTCLUBS ---- I WONDER IF THE USE OF MY CAR WAS ---- ACCIDENTAL?



WHY SAY THAT?

I'VE JUST SEEN THE SOLUTION TO THE SHALLOW FUR THEFTS? BIG PEOPLE HAVE A MOTIVE FOR GETTING RID OF ME!



I LEFT THE CAR OUTSIDE A THEATRE, BREN AND IT WAS THERE WHEN THE SHOW ENDED.....



THAT CHECKS / THE SHOTS WERE FIRED AT NINE TWENTY-FIVE



THE EXPOSURE WILL BE SENSATIONAL -- READING ME WITH MURDERER WOULD BE A GOOD WAY OUT KILLING ME WOULDN'T BE SUBTLE ENOUGH!



CAIN MAKES A DATE WITH MR. SHALLOW TO TELL HIM THAT THE FUR THEFTS HAVE BEEN SOLVED



CAIN, INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR, TELLS SHALLOW THAT HE IS NEAR THE END OF HIS SEARCH....

YOU'LL GET YOUR FUR BACK....



CAIN NOTICES THAT SHALLOW SEEMS NERVOUS AS HE CONGRATULATES HIM ON HIS WORK.....

WAIT TILL I ACTUALLY DELIVER THE GOODS....



IF MY TRAP WORKS, YOU'LL HAVE MOST OF YOUR STOLEN FUR BACK TOMORROW.



CONGRATULATIONS, CAIN. --- I WAS GETTING IMPATIENT, BUT NOW I KNOW YOUR SUCCESS. I'M HAPPY AGAIN!!



FILL HER UP --- I'VE GOT A LONG TRIP!



FLASH CAIN, READY TO SPRING HIS TRAP ON THE FUR-THIEVES THAT NIGHT, DRIVES FIRST TO A NIGHT-CLUB WHERE THE MURDERED WENDA USED TO SING....



A CIGARETTE GIRL ANSWERS HIS QUESTION.



---AFTER HER VOICE BROKE, SHE GOT A SECRETARIAL JOB WITH --- OH, I FORGET



NAMIE, SPARE US A SECOND?



WENDA? --- SHE WENT TO WORK FOR A MR. SHALLOW. SHE USED TO SAY HE WAS A DEEP ONE.



WHEN DID YOU SEE HER LAST?



WHY? GOING OUT WITH SHALLOW I GUESS ---



CAIN THINKS MAMIE
FOR HER HELP
HE HAS FOOD FOR
THOUGHT ~~~~~



CAIN THINKS HE
KNEW SHALLOON'S
SECRETARY ~~~~AND
AS SOON AS HE DIS-
COVERED THE STOLEN
FURS THE GIRL DIED
AND CAIN'S CASE
WAS IMPACTED !



WAS THE IDEA TO
HAVE CAIN ARRESTED
ON SUSPICION OF
MURDER --- TO GIVE
THE FUR THIEVES
MORE TIME ? DID THE
DEAD GIRL KNOW TOO
MUCH ABOUT THE THEFT ?



"THIS IS MORE THAN AN
ORDINARY FUR THEFT,
AND IT'S FOR BIG
STAKES WENDA NORLEY
AS SHALLOON'S SEC-
RETARY KNEW THAT ...



CAIN NOW UNDERSTANDS
ALL. WENDA WAS
ELIMINATED BY DEATH!
CAIN WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE UNDER THE
SHADOW LONG ENOUGH
FOR THE THEFT TO
BE UNCOVERED ...



A HOT STORY FOR
INSPECTOR BRENT -
...NOW FOR ACTION !



FLASH ARRIVES NEAR
THE THIEVES' HIDE-
OUT, WHICH HE HAS
LOCATED EARLIER.
CAIN PARKED, HE
WAITS FOR THE
THIEVES TO ARRIVE.



THE SIMPLE TRIP-
WIRE OF NEW GUINEA
GAME HOW
COULD CAIN FORGET
HIS OWEN STANLEY
DAYS AND FALL FOR THIS !



BEFORE FLASH CAN
REGAIN HIS BALANCE
A FIGURE SPRINGS
FROM THE UNDERGROWTH
AND BEARS HIM TO
THE GROUND !



SOMEBODY LOSES A
GUN, AND THERE'S A
GOOD DEAL OF
HORSE PLAY BEFORE
SOMEBODY LOSES
CONSCIOUSNESS ...



...BUT CAIN REMEMBERS
HIS COMMANDO
TRAINING AND FEELS
SORRY FOR THE
GANGSTER WHO HAS
TO LIVE AFTER WHAT'S
JUST BEEN DONE ..



WAITING TENSELY, HE
SEES NO SIGN OF
THE DISTURBANCE
HAVING BEEN HEARD

WAS THAT THAT ALONE ?



THAT THUG WAS NOT ALONE! BUT THE OTHERS, UNDER COVER, ARE ARMED ----



A DESPERATE GUN STRUGGLE HAS A BREAK OF SILENCE WHEN CAIN PITCHES FORWARD, WOUNDED



THE THIEVES COME TO COLLECT THEIR CARRIAGE ----



FIGHTING A THREE-TO-ONE BATTLE, CAIN IS RESCUED BY THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE ----



SHALLOW WAS OVERSPENDING, AND STOLE HIS OWN STOCK TO COLLECT INSURANCE. WENDA MORLEY WAS MURDERED BY HIM BECAUSE SHE DISCOVERED THE TRUTH...



WE FOLLOWED YOU, CAIN, BECAUSE WE ACTUALLY DID SUSPECT YOU OF KILLING WENDA ---- GOOD THING WE DID ISN'T IT?



Keep your
engine clean
with



Mobiloil

A clean engine
gives improved
performance and
complete protection
at all speeds
& temperatures.

The snake was a pythonesse reticulatus—a killer; Oakes was the meanest man in the neighborhood. What happened when they met suited just about everyone.

O. K. FINDLAY



VENOM in the night

AN important passenger had escaped from his box while the train stood on a siding. The passenger was an Iliar-Sawa, a reticulatus pythones from Malaya, and the railway notified the cryptic house which sent an expert to help. The expert was Dr. Quent, small and spectacled, an entomologist collector of snakes, big and little.

The suspect of poison was at the station to meet him. The sergeant was young and resolute and he had had his share of thrills. That was the first time he had been asked to hunt down a snake.

"You'd better tell me what we're up against, Doctor," he said, as they walked along the railway embankment.

"The reticulatus python, *Pythonisae reticulatus*," said Dr. Quent, "is the king of the big constrictors. They sometimes attain a length of thirty feet. This particular fellow is about twenty-five feet and a fine specimen. If you've seen a snake charmer looping a snake about his shoulders, it was probably a python—but not reticulatus. He doesn't permit himself to be the boss of everything in the jungle. Right now this chap is in a bad humor after being captured and handled and shaken by the train. They won't eat after they are captured. This fellow hasn't eaten for more than a month."

"Small mammals—wild pig, antelope. A good big reticulatus will swallow a 200-pound deer."



He fired at a range of six feet and knew he had wounded

"Will they kill a man, Doc?"

Dr. Quent was reluctant to give an opinion on that. "They've been known to take native children. They're constrictors, you know, they kill by squeezing. A python of this size could easily overpower a man if sufficiently roused." He stopped and pointed. "There's his trail."

The snake had gone down the embankment through a fence and into the long grass. The train was fettered as if someone had dived a barbed wire through it. The sergeant wished he had brought his Winchester. He wasn't used to the thought of reptiles that left a track like a country lane.

"How do you figure on heading him?"

"First we find out where he is. We'll

look for water and be up near it. Then we'll get him to kill if possible—a pig or chicken. If he kills, he'll be quiet for a time. Those big chaps he is the water for a week after feeding. Then we'll get a few men and grab him and put him in a box."

The sergeant admired Dr. Quent's nerve.

"Doc, you'll need a warrant to get anybody round here to go near a snake of that size. In this country, a snake is something you kill as quick as you can and don't even touch when they're dead. But if you're game to grab him, I'm game to hang on, too."

"There's nothing much to it," said Dr. Quent. "I'll look after his head. The mean thing is to get him straightened out so he can't use his coils. And

of course, you have to watch out for his horns."

"His spear?"

"Yes. The rest of his hind legs. All that's left of them on the outside is a pair of hairy points on his elbows, but they can give you a nasty scratch."

"They climbed the fence and followed the trail across a meadow. It was heading directly for a tree swamp. The doctor pointed to the trees where a branch had been freshly broken. 'That's his mark. He went in there.' 'How can you tell?'"

"By the broken branch. It snapped under his weight. He weighs about 30 pounds, you know."

"They came to the swamp, a tangled growth of willows and alders, with a shallow creek meandering through. The edge of it was guarded by a beeched vine fence."

"That is good," said Dr. Quest. "This is the sort of place he likes."

The sergeant looked along the barbed wire studded with "No trespasser" signs.

"Doc, I have to tell you that, but he couldn't have picked a worse place. This is Rafe Golan's place. He's the meanest man in the district. He don't allow no one on his land, no one."

"This is different," said Dr. Quest confidently. "We can't leave an Udd-Sawa lying about. Too dangerous. We want either someone who can destroy him—which I would like to do. We'd better go and tell Mr. Golan about it."

"We can try, but it won't do any good," said the sergeant. As they walked back to the car, he told Dr. Quest about Golan. "I was at his place last week. We got a community phone line here, belongs to us all, and the surveyor wanted to take it across his land. He ordered them off. I went down to reason with him and he said if he caught me on his land, he'd plug me."

"He doesn't get along with his neighbor?"

"Doc, I'll bet there's more human feeling in that big snake of yours than there is in Golan. When he was young, he was kneeling a colt and the colt kicked him and hurt his leg. First thing he did when he was up was to take a chain and beat that colt to death. He's a regular terror to his stock. The neighbors got worked up over the way he beat and starved and they told the law on him. Then the cops that took the lead against him had some bad fun. So now folks just leave him alone."

"Has he any family?"

"One girl. His wife died years ago, just when out. The girl would be a nice kid, if she had a chance—but she never has a chance. Never got to school after she was fourteen, never had a decent dance. She does a men's work round the place."

They drove down the highway and came to the Golan house, an old gray house and worn-out buildings. Chickens ran squeaking from the wheels and a girl in blue jeans working at the woodpile put down her axe and looked at them. She was pale, with the empty look of the unwanted, and Dr. Quest pried her.

"Your dad around, Jeanie?" asked the sergeant.

A man appeared in the doorway, a man with a dark, haggard face and a crooked body.

"I told you to stay away from here, Jeanie."

Dr. Quest got out of the car.

"The sergeant is here at my request. My name is Quest and I'm from the Zoological Society. One of our big snakes escaped in transit and we have tracked him to your swamp. I'd like your permission to go after him. I'd like your help, too. Of course, we'll pay you for your trouble."

Golan looked at him, hard-faced.

"I don't care who you are or what you are. Get off my land and stay off it."

"You don't quite understand," said

Dr. Quest. "The snake is a zoologist."

"If I find a toad in my swamp, I'll knock him on the head with a club. I don't need any help from strangers!" He addressed the sergeant. "You listen to me, Jeanie. If I wish you snakes' and eggs' round my place, I'll shoot—and that tinster of yours won't stop me. Now get out!"

Dr. Quest made one more attempt. "No use, Doctor," said the sergeant. "Let's go."

They drove back to the highway. Dr. Quest accepted the rebuff philosophically. "I've used to unreasonable people. Many people are unreasonable about snakes. I've talked to farmers who were losing their eggs to rats and yet insisted on killing every rat snake about the place. I've shown them the snake stomachs—with rats and no eggs—but they still wouldn't believe me. You have to be patient with them."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Go right ahead, of course. I can't leave the snake to roam the country. He might start a panic. I wish I could be sure that he hasn't left the Golan place."

There was a country road running along the edge of all the swamps. They drove slowly along, looking for signs, and finding none.

"That's all right," said Dr. Quest with satisfaction. "He's still in there. Probably curled up in the roots of one of those big willows." Now, sergeant, I'll tell you what I intend to do. I'm going to get a couple of cats somewhere and tonight I'll hunt them here and drive them into the swamp. I hope he'll kill one. At dawn tomorrow, I'll slip in and try to locate him. I won't ask you to come with me for you are an officer of the law, and I intend to commit a trespass."

"I can't allow that," said the sergeant. "I can't allow you to do it alone. He might take a shot at you."

"That's a risk I must take," said Dr. Quest. "Golan may be a stupid, quarrelsome fellow, but I don't know a dangerous python loose on his land. Especially as he seems to think a python is something you hit on the head with a stick."

"Well, if you're so set on going in there, name I'll go with you," said the sergeant.

At dawn they were moving silently through the wet and mowing swamp. The morning mist hung over the thick reeds, making poor visibility worse. The sergeant held a shotgun on his hip and disliked the whole business. He had hunted armed rabbits with less apprehension than he felt now. He was thigh-deep in brush, he trod on unseen roots and every moment he expected a hot angry snake to rear up in his face.

The two pigs, which they had driven into the swamp the night before, got up and ran ahead of them, stopping to wake the dead.

"That's bad," said Dr. Quest. "He must be too disturbed to feed. If we come upon him now we'll have a fight on our hands."

They continued to hunt along the soggy creek bank, under the big willows. The snake appeared to have vanished, leaving no trail. They came to a good-size widening of the creek with a small island in the middle of it. There was one big alder and bushes growing there.

"Likely he's there," said Dr. Quest. "I've got to earn," said the sergeant. "Doc, do snakes hunt people?"

"They have been known to follow men out of curiosity. Why?"

"Cause I've got a feeling we're being watched. I've got a mighty cold feeling down my back."

"Well, by the island," said Dr. Quest. "He might be in among the alder roots."

It was a disagreeable business, wading and striking into the soggy hat-

1936. At that moment the sergeant would have given a good deal to be out in the sunshine, on firm, clear ground. Dr. Quast stood there and found better footing on the bar. They exploded ecstatically among the bushes and tangled vines and looked at the trunk of the alder to see if patches of bark had been scraped off. They found nothing.

"Not here," said Dr. Quast. "He must have slipped out of the swamp. Now we'll have to—"

A branch above his head cracked and fell down. The silence of the swamp was broken by the roar of a heavy rifle.

The sergeant flung himself at Quast's legs and dragged him down into cover.

"Gols!" He wonder I felt we were being followed. He's got us on in kind, too—we can't get off without showing ourselves."

"But what does he think he's doing?"

"Don't know—but it isn't healthy to let him see us."

Dr. Quast rose to his knees behind the tree trunk and cautiously put his hand out. "Gols!" he called, "Gols—"

The rifle cracked and a bullet sent his hat skimming.

"Mad as a cat," said the sergeant.

They crawled on their bellies into the thickest part of the underbrush and lay there. Suddenly Gols broke his silence and began to yell at them. "Come out there, you sneaky crows! You sneaky! I know you're there! Come out and I'll make you sorry!" He was working up and down of the opposite shore, working through the brush, firing his rifle at random into the silence.

"With 'F'd brought a rifle," said the sergeant. "F'd make him sorry."

He lay pressed into the mud, pestered by mosquitoes and crawling things, growing steadily angrier. He was thinking of Gols and the wonder he had spent all his life on the water.

He had worked to death, the daughter whose childhood had been despoiled. A bullet struck a branch near his head, a splinter cut his cheek.

"I'll put a stop to this right now!" He rolled to his knees.

At that instant the swamp echoed and re-echoed to a frightful cry.

"The snake!" cried Dr. Quast. He rose instantly and ran splashing through the water. The sergeant caught his foot on a root and fell, the gun flying from his hand. It was a moment before he could find it in the grass. He rushed after Dr. Quast.

On the other bank stood a great tree. For a moment they could see neither smoke nor man, then they caught a glimpse of a gray face with open mouth and staring eyes rising out of a blotted yellow-brown jacket. Neck and chest were overgrown by the python's coils. The sergeant heard Gols give an agonized wheeze and a great black head rose at them. He fired at a range of six feet and knew that he had missed. It came at them hissing, with eyes as red as coals, and he fired again and saw the head jump with the impact of the full charge. It sank down, coiled.

Dr. Quast aimed the neck, pulling it away. It took their united strength to ease the pressure of those terrible coils. Then they saw there was no need to hurry. Gols was beyond help.

With gentle hands, Dr. Quast stretched the python to its full length. The sunlight showed its gorgeous coloring, a tapestry beyond the conception of man, an interweaving of yellow, brown and black, covered by a sort of blazon.

The serpent took a good look at it. He was beginning to understand Dr. Quast's admiration. "I'm sorry I had to shoot."

"You had to," said Dr. Quast. "But he is handsome, isn't he?"

"Ugh! too," said the sergeant. "Next time I meet a snake, I'll just raise my hat and pass on."



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He laughs best, who laughs last—
but she laughed while she screamed.

RUSSELL BRANCH



DOOR AJAR FOR MURDER

WHEN Dora started screaming that night, I just dropped my paper and stared, like an open-mouthed stupe. I was used to her sillinesses, her biting tongue, and even the cold silence which filled our evenings. But this was something new. This was loud, shrill hysteria and far no good reason. It went on and on. "Dora!"

She didn't hear me. She couldn't have heard me if she'd wanted to. Her head was back, her eyes closed and her mouth open in that man-

iac, blood-curdling shriek.

I got up and shook her. "Dora! DORA!" Then I dropped her twice. She stopped shrieking.

"For heaven's sake, Dora! The neighbors!"

She opened her mouth again, mechanically, as if moved by some inner compulsion to exercise her lungs. I raised my hand again, warningly, and that was how the neighbors saw us when the door burst open.

Dora's scream died in her throat,

She buried her face in her hands, her long blonde hair shimmering as she sobbed heartbreakingly. I glanced uncertainly at the open door, got my hands stiffly on her shoulders.

"Dora . . . Dora, honey, What is it?"

She shrunk back as if my hands were clutching at her throat instead, stared up at me with fearful, fearful eyes.

A hand grabbed my own arm, spun me around. "Leave her alone, you big scoundrel. I explain!"

That was Graham, Lloyd Graham from the next apartment. All hair and a good voice. An actor-good actor, he called himself.

I shook myself loose. I'd always wanted a good excuse for taking a fat in his fat face, but this was hardly the right time for it.

"Look, you don't understand. It's not . . . not anything I did. Dora just suddenly—"

Dora burst into fresh sobs. I looked at her helplessly, then back at them. Jackson, the manager, Mrs. Levy from across the hall. The redhead who lived two doors down and her blond-headed mate. And Graham, of course . . . all standing there glaring at me in hostile suspicion.

I got it, then. Mrs. Hayes, that "nice" Miss Hayes, beating his poor lovely wife.

Mrs. Levy moved past to hold Dora to her ample, motherly bosom. Graham got between us with his arms folded belittlingly across his chest, and sideways Jackson started spluttering indignantly.

"Listen, folks, you've got this all wrong!"

They didn't want to listen. They ignored me—except for that big loud from next door. Mrs. Levy got Dora calmed down, bathed her face with a cold washcloth. Jackson prowled around suspiciously, sniffing if any of his heavy furniture had suffered. The redhead and her blonded stood sniffing in the doorway, enjoying

someone else's domestic troubles far a change. And Graham snarled at me, daring me to make a move.

We finally got rid of them. Dora refused to explain, refused to say anything beyond a somewhat shaky, "You all right, now. Please go."

Mrs. Levy stomped out, her usually friendly face like frozen granite. Redhead and Blondhead went back to their bottle and their own bottle. Mr. Jackson lingered to whisper some warning about, "No more trouble, please, or else."

Lloyd Graham was ostentatiously the best and most interested to depart, still snarling like a C-side B maniac, and it was a pleasure to shut the door on his face.

Then I turned to Dora, my arms spread in a big gesture of bewilderment, dismay, and—I thought—tender concern.

But she wasn't having any. She turned away, her face cold and inscrutable.

The bedroom door slammed behind her, the lock clicked. I prepared to bed down on the couch for the night. It was all I could do. The walls were humming . . . just waiting for me to "start something" again.

In the morning, Dora told me she "temporarily didn't want to discuss it." She could "not discuss" anything in kinder silence than any female I'd ever known, and our breakfast was even more cheerless than usual.

I set off to work, feeling like something despicable dragged up from the bottom of the East River. Mrs. Levy, climbing the stairs with her morning milk, sniffed and looked the other way instead of giving me her usual chirpy, "Good morning!"

The boss gave me hell for being late, and it seemed to me that I had more than my share of nasty customers that day. But forty-thirty finally came, as it always does, and Merita, the department store of merit, shut its doors. I drove out a lot

restive customer who had already swung every golf club in the neighborhood in my cash and sales slips, and turned my weary feet toward the subway and home.

"Hm!" was empty. Dora had left a note saying that she'd gone out for supper and an early noon with Irma, and I'd find cold cuts and an open can of peas in the kitchen.

About ten-thirty she blew in, looking flushed and eager and vivacious as she always did after spending a couple of hours in Hollywood's never-never land. But the look faded quickly. Back to reality, and the husband that went with it.

I waited until she had her hat off, had fluffed her blonde tresses loose and had looked out of the pumps that were too tight for her. They were always too tight for her, too tight in the toes and too high in the heels.

"Look here, Dora." Then I lowered my voice, aware that Graham next door had just come in. "Look, honey, I don't—"

She ran on me. "I suppose you've gone to tell me that we can't afford a cocktail or a movie once in a while! That when a man comes home after a hard day's work, he expects—"

"That's not it at all," I interrupted quietly. "You know I've urged you to get out more, do more. I don't happen to think too much of your frugal life, but that's—"

"Oh, so now you don't like Irma?" she snapped bitterly. "I suppose you want to pick my friends too. Besides telling me what I should wear, how I should keep house, where I should—"

"Dummet, be quiet," I shouted, forgetting the thin walls and their eager ears. "Listen to me."

"I don't want to listen to you," she screamed back. "The ask of listening to you!"

There was a noisy silence, broken only by our own heavy breathing and

the creak of a footstep out in the hall.

"Dora, I didn't want to start an argument with you. Really, I don't want anything—except some sort of an explanation for what happened last night."

"And what about last night?"

"Nothing," I said wearily. "Nothing at all . . . except that now all the laughlines are concerned that I hurt you, in addition to all my other faults. You know very well I've never touched you, that I hadn't even said anything to you last night when you started screaming like you'd suddenly gone mad."

"Oh, so now I'm going away, am I?" she shrilled. "Well, let me tell you, Master James Haynes, you'd go crazy too if you had to live in this dump all day, with a husband who begrudges you even the price of a movie, and tries to pick your friends, and—"

And we were right back where we had started.

"It's not enough that I give up my career and try to be a good wife," Dora was flashing with fire, bitter here. "I'm supposed to sit quietly by while you read your eternal newspaper every evening. And if I even say boo, I'm going away!"

I didn't point out that her bee had been loud enough to bang the whole apartment house down on our heads. Or that the "newspaper" she had given up to marry me had consisted of contributing one pair of legs out of many in a national which had folded after two weeks. Or that sixty-five dollars a week and a man to go with it had once looked mighty good to a leggy blonde from Koslovak who had already found out how many leggy blondes were already in the Big City, whether so welcome or unwelcome.

No, I didn't mention any of these points, because I was beginning to respect a method behind her madness. I suspected that there was nothing wrong with her that five thousand

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dollars wouldn't cure, and I didn't want to give her an opening.

Specifically, five thousand dollars, more or less, in US savings bonds which I had laid away, methodically and at times painfully, out of my pay cheque and commissions over the past seven years. And even more specifically, five thousand dollars which Graham next door had secured. Dana would buy her the leading role in the "musical-stock" revue he was supposed to be producing.

But I had held out all along. I told Dana her friend Graham was nothing but a phony, cheap character, and not the kind of man I liked my wife to encourage. And furthermore, that those bonds represented the down payment on a dream of my own, conceived long before I'd met her. A country place I could call my own.

I think this ambition for a peaceful haven must have evolved from a recurrent dream I used to have as a boy. I remember the place of my dream was some spot at the rite of a hill and at the end of a lane where trees and creepers and bell flowers used to top the fence of the neighbor's place before you got to mine. There was a stream that flowed along for a bit and then leaped itself among the rocks on its downward way to a green gulley to a place where the trout would bite takes well. As I grew older the dream was less frequent. I used to wonder if dreams had any significance — if some day I should come across the very place . . . and if so could I make it mine. My feelings suggested my preoccupation for the possibility.

Dana had told me in no uncertain terms what she thought of that idea—but there the matter had rested. And still rested, much to my surprise. Dana subsided now, apparently satisfied with having the last word, and I knew when to leave well enough alone.

Also I still loved her, heaven help me.

That was the week when spring suddenly changed to summer, as if to make up for our cold winter. Dana and I made up too. Mrs. Levy spoke to me again, and even Jenkins went about whistling happily, now that the midster seven seemed safely over.

Dana and I started taking trips into the country. She seemed even anxious to help me in my quest for the farm, and I could scarcely believe my good fortune at the change that had come over her. Spring was indeed a wonderful thing, I told myself.

The weather had brought customers flocking into the sports goods department, I had earned a healthy bonus over my sales quota, and the case of beer in our pantry had been my zephyrus. Dana's present had been a new napoleon of sheer black nylon, and she was wearing it now, curled up on the sofa with a copy of *Variety*.

The evening was warm, the beer was cold, life was good—and my only worry at the moment was choosing between bed and another bottle of beer, or both.

Dana felt my eyes as I lay and looked up. Then she put up, moving deliberately. I looked back down at my paper, pretending a coy interest in the stock sections. I thought she was going to get up another bottle, or perhaps slip down into my lap.

She didn't. She calmly picked up one of the three empty bottles at my elbow and hurled it through the window. Then, just as it shattered below in the shrub, she began to scream, long and loudly.

For a moment I just stared, too dumfounded to move. Thinking stupidly: The window's open, she might at least have put it through the opening, instead of knocking out both panes at the top.

Then I was on my feet, shaking her violently. Her eyes had that

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He watched me, peered, as I gathered them up again and hurried back toward the safe deposit vault.

Jenkins, our charming landlord, caught me as I traced his door that night and tried to stop me.

But I didn't want to discuss the matter. I just provided over my shoulder that I had come only to get my things, and went on up the stairs.

When I first opened the door I thought Dore was still missing, since the place was just as neat as I had left it that evening. Then I heard her cheerful call:

"Hi!"

She was in the kitchen, of all places, and tonight she looked like the third husband's dream. Most and prettiest in an apron, her cheeks flushed and coaxed as if she had prepared some needed surprise, and hastily preoccupied. Just as if our last exchange had been a tender kiss.

I set my lips, determined to have it out. "Dore, I just came back long enough to get my things. And to tell you—"

She interrupted me with a very little laugh which sounded only a bit worried. "Darling! It's all settled. I talked to Mr. Jenkins today, precisely on my knees. You just have to know how to handle him, that's all."

"That's not all," I said. "That's not even the point. I just want to tell you that—"

She shut me off with a quick kiss. "We'll talk about it some dinner. I haven't got the table set yet, and the man's positively due. Here!" She opened a drawer, handed me the big carving knife and pointed toward the knife sharpener. "Make yourself useful, handsome. And while you're about it, all my knives need sharpening. This is a vermin, so don't peek."

Her lips brushed mine again and she whisked out of the kitchen, closing the door behind her. Astonishingly

I began stroking the long blade back and forth, thinking that it was a surprise indeed.

She hadn't washed a real meal for months. And her lips had been cold, although she was obviously all kroyed up. I could hear her new, hurriedly shaving cream ahead in the next room.

Then I thought of the man, the gun in the bedroom, and looked down at the long slender carving knife I had in my hand.

Carefully I eased the door open a crack. The dining table had been set, yes—but the room which had been so neat a few moments ago had undergone a startling change.

The end table by my chair had been tipped over as its side, magazines and books scattered across the floor just as they had been last night. The bridge lamp was also lying sprawling on its side, the shade crumpled as if it had been stepped on. Two of the dining chairs were shoved together in a heap in the corner, the cigarette box by the sofa had fallen to the floor and spilled, one curtain dangled from a broken rod.

Audith took the wooden Dore faded narrowly, hardly. Even as I watched she kicked a wicker rug into a heap, then passed to survey her work like a nervous stage manager looking over a set just before the curtain.

Apparently satisfied, she crossed to the bedroom door, then passed again, her eyes narrowed toward the door which hid me.

"Now, dear, when you get the knife sharpened put it on the table, please. I'll be right on."

I griated indistinctly. She took one last, calculating survey of the scene she had laid—and I'll never forget that look in her face. Then the bedroom door closed, the lock clicked shut.

And I stood there stupidly, still holding the knife. For years it seemed I stood there, knowing what to expect in some remote part of my brain even



MAH JONGG

Antique Chinese Games Has A Colorful History

The ancient Chinese game, Mah Jongg has successfully bridged the gap between the Oriental and the Western mind. An absorbing game that holds fascination even for the unskilled, Mah Jongg—or to give it its Chinese name, Mah Tsung—has been played for about eight centuries in China.

During the Sung Dynasty (960 to 1260), the adventures of a revolutionary hero, Sung Kiang, and his 100 followers became one of China's major epics. Soon the poems and darning of these legendary heroes carried them such fame that their names were applied to individual cards of some of the ancient card games already in vogue in China. In time these different games evolved into one of 100 cards, each with the name of a different revolutionary hero.

Played all over China, the game became especially popular at Ning Po, which at its height, was a town famous for its ivory carvers, and it was here that the modern form of Mah Jongg originated. The Carvers, who enjoyed the game themselves, applied their deft hands to it and the cards were replaced by tiles of ivory or bone about the size of small dominoes.

soon, beautifully engraved in various colors.

The introduction of Mah Jongg to the Western world was helped by an Englishman, who replaced the complicated Chinese characters with Western numerals and letters. The poems, however, with their quaint designations—Bamboo, Circular, Chrysanthemum, Hamour, Winds and Flower Garden—still retain the charm of the original. Innumerable combinations and permutations go to make a high scoring hand and considerable skill is needed to judge what points to discard—as well as a good memory to master the somewhat involved rules of the game.

Mah Jongg—a combination of hazard and skill—enriches the leisuretime hours in which it evolved. Life can still be hazardous, but modern man has the advantage of the heritage of security that the free and independent Life Offices of Australia have built up over the years. Today he can save for the future and secure the security of his family in the event of death, through Australian Life Assurance, knowing that his money is doing a good job of work for himself and his fellow Australians.

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while I tried to make sense out of it conclusively.

I must have needed to the ramps, because I loved myself bending down and peering into an empty, stone-cold oven. I felt a moment of surprise—but I think I would have been more surprised if it had actually held a smoking roast.

And I must have been listening, too, I must have been aware of the stifled sound of drawers being opened and shut in the bedroom.

And then I wailed no longer. I grabbed up the long curving knife and all the knives that Dora had laid out for me, and dashed out of here. She obviously didn't hear me cross the living room. She was too frantically searching for what she couldn't find, and I didn't bother to close the door behind me.

Then the stairs, pounding on Jenkins' room desperately. Trying to beat the scream which I knew now would come as soon as she found her gun.

The door finally opened. Jenkins stared out at me, motionless tucked in his collar-band, jaws still clashing. He gulped and jerked backward like a startled eel when he saw the knives in my hand. At the table behind him his start wife turned pale. I thrust them at him. "Here, quick. Take 'em! Afraid my wife—mother one of these spells. Afraid she'll hurt herself."

The first scream came then, even as Jenkins hesitated in bewilderment. It was shrill and hysterical. Muffled, but coming through the hallway and down the staircase like the voice of terror.

We both stood there reeling as it died away and then gaped up again. Jenkins let the knives clatter to the floor as he pushed past, his start slumps long pummeling up the stairs ahead of me.

Doors began opening, men shouted or confusion, a woman down the hall

began screaming hysterically herself. "Somebody do something! Do something!"

And still the wild cries went on, the shrieks of gibbering insane terror, the tortured pleading. "That! That! Don't! Don't! Oh—not the knife, Don't! No!"

Jenkins had reached the top of the stairs now, hurrying as if a life depended on him. He had forgotten that I had already warned him, that I myself was not in that room, but right behind him. Carelessly behind him, as he ran down the hall with horror in his face.

He didn't quite make it. Graham got there first. He burst out of his own room just ahead of Jenkins disappeared through the door I had left ajar.

By the time I had reached it, Graham was already kneeling against the inside door. If he saw me then, coming in behind Jenkins, he was like the rest of them: too distracted to register, too convulsed by the urgency in those nerve-driven cries still coming from behind the locked door.

I shouted at him, but already Graham's hefty shoulder had carried him through—through the doorway and to the death.

Far inside the bedroom, a little wail came was sounding out its vicious tones. It went on pounding convulsively, even after he had crumpled forward.

I left her to Jenkins and went to phone the police.

• • •

Dora's getting at least part of what she wanted or the headlines she always dreamed of. The papers call her a glamorous blonde, a beautiful show-girl, and that seems to be enough for her.

I don't think she cared much for Graham after all. Whether he was actually in on the scheme or not, I think she just considered him a means to an end. A handy witness,

let us say, who would testify that Jim Haysen had attacked his wife with the carving knife found near his body.

Far, of course, I was supposed to have gotten these bullets instead of Graham. I was supposed to have broken in that door to get to her when she went into her act.

Dora makes no, naturally, the mistake she made in her blind, self-induced hysteria. She doesn't know that that nice, sympathetic man she talked to today was the police psychiatrist—and that she'll probably talk to more like him before the trial is over. She doesn't seem to understand either that the state's prosecution will be based on the testimony of Jenkins and the other tenants that they will prove that neither I nor anyone else was anywhere near the apartment when the first began screaming for her life.

Yes, I'm going to do what I can for her. When a man's wife is in trouble he does what he can for her, even if it means sacrificing his life savings.

But there's one thing that bothers me. If I tell the whole story, if I give those psychiatrists the screaming,

the cold-blooded calculation, behind her actions—I'm not sure where she will end up.

If I don't, if I just hold my peace and let the evidence speak for itself, then I know very well what will happen to her.

Maybe I should ask Dora herself when I see her today.

"What will it be, my dear? The state psychiatrist . . . or the state asylum?"

Yes, I think it is a question for her to decide, though I don't expect the answer today. . . . She won't easily realize the futility of any other plea. When she does finally understand, she may have some misgivings in knowing that she will lose me my savings after all.

And what about my dream? Well, it may come true, at that. Dora . . . our life together . . . has given me a surfeit of the city, the store, the apartment—all that my life has been here. As soon as I have seen this through I'm packing up and clearing out.

I'll drop by the store before I quit the big smoke. There's a lot and real there that some fancy customer won't get. I've secured it already at wholesale's discount.

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Talking Points

COVER GIRL. She's Rhonda Farnsworth... the girl who got the covered role with Ring Crosby in "Yankee at Kinn Arthur's Court." It was a picture like this that secured for Rhonda a film test and contract. Her picture sold a measure to a film agent, and after that, how could she miss out? For the moment she's mistaken here for Bob... She'll be seen next with Hope in "Grist Love."

Exposition...
TO those who will wonder where the truly authentic teacher came from in Monty's sea stuff some explanation is due. Odine is a young dog was a young sea dog his weather beating up and down the New Zealand coast left a mark on him which he, in turn, leaves on his writing (page 40).

Hard...
THERE are various stories about people who found that it's hard to control outside, but none stronger than that on page 32, which is not only hard fact, but also hard to believe. Explanations as to why the sharks didn't bite or the girl didn't drown? Well, there are strange unexplained things, but these are peculiar enough for now.

Named...
THE habit of stripping up people without trial is the law of the mob, but it gets the name "lynch" from a good, hard judge. It is none the less ugly for that, in recital of Mervyn Andrews' story (page 20) will see

It seems that while you can teach a tiger tracks and (if De Rangement is believable) ride an alligator, there just isn't any way to tame the wildest beast of all, "the mob."

Answer...
CAVALCADE'S "Flash Carr" has dashed his way into the interest of readers who have been asking about him. Because two readers have placed a bet about where he comes from we put the truth (and answer to the bet) on the record. Carr is the brain-child of Australian (Sydney) road-rail Ray Heath, who writes the adventures. Fellow Sydney-sider Balben draws the strip, Heath says. "Carr's adventures are based on the work of a man I used to know; I called him Carr because that was once the name of a killer (about 900 B.C.) and I thought it would be a good idea to rehabilitate the name by having it on a law enforcement man."—Who won the bet, Sir?

For You...
Thriller stories have been commended by many readers who unblinking say they like them. Even a detective told us, "A thriller isn't a woman's holiday to me—it's good relaxation." And "Dose After Murder," this issue (page 30) is well up to standard. Point of interest—our detective tells us that 80 per cent. at least of the thriller he reads are completely accurate on their technical points concerning detection.

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In this scene at Gore Bay, the oil "installation" is an integral part of the landscape, aptly symbolising how the use of oil products is an integral part of our daily lives. Though simplified here by the

artist's pictorial treatment, these enormous "installations" are in reality highly complex, and a marvel of technical organisation. Lifetimes of Shell experience ensure the efficient economical operation of this important unit in the chain of distribution which brings oil products from overseas to Australia's motor vehicles, power plants, machinery and homes.

Donald Friend's colourful rendition of this illustration will be published by Shell as occasion offers.

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